The Outlook

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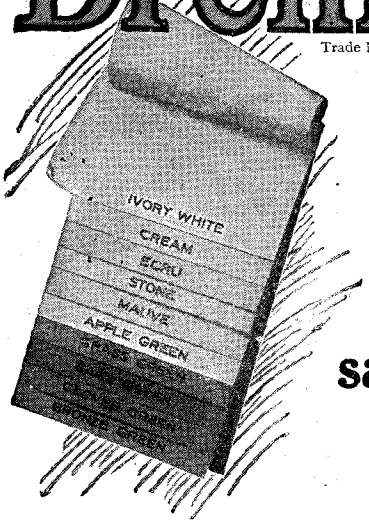

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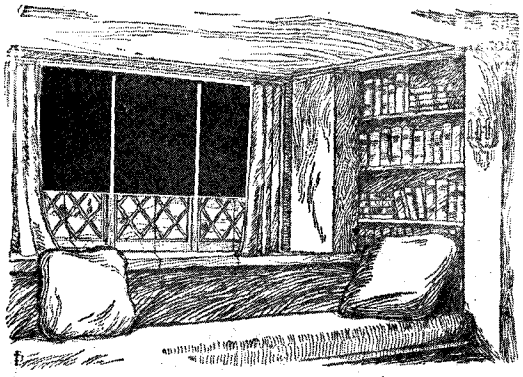

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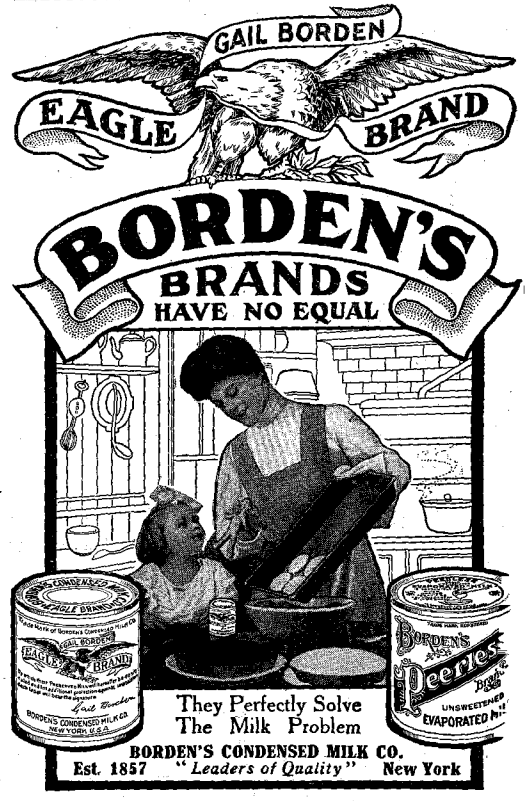

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The Outlook

DECEMBER 11, 1909

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

THE LORDS REJECT THE BUDGET

The Lords have thrown down the gauntlet to the Commons. The Commons have as promptly picked it up. The moment is the most dramatic in the political history of England for three-quarters of a century. On Tuesday night of last week the House of Lords, by the huge majority of 275—350 votes to 75—adopted Lord Lansdowne's motion, which declared that the Lords were not justified in giving their consent to the Budget until it had been "submitted to the judgment of the country." The scene when the vote was taken, just before midnight, was impressive. The room where the hereditary chamber meets is small—too small to accommodate all of the more than six hundred peers who have a right to seats there. It is decorated in the richest Gothic style. Twelve stained-glass windows contain the portraits of the kings and queens of England since the Conquest. In niches between the windows are eighteen statues of the barons who extorted Magna Charta from King John. The members sit on red leather benches, and at the end of the chamber, under a golden canopy, stands the throne of the King, with another at the left for the Queen and a lower one at the right for the Prince of Wales. On Tuesday night the benches were crowded with an unusual number of peers, some of them appearing there for the first time and taking the oath specifically for the purpose of voting at this constitutional crisis. Along the benches the white lawn sleeves of the Bishops—the "Lords Spiritual" of the preamble to every act of Parliament—gave a ceremonial touch to the appearance of the House, while the rich gowns of the peeresses who filled the galleries harmonized with the elaborate decorations of the chamber itself. On the steps of the throne a throng of Commoners exercised their historic privilege of ocupying that exalted station. The debate on the bill was closed for the Opposition by Earl Cawdor, formerly First Lord of the Admiralty, and for the Government by the Earl of Crewe, Secretary of State for the Colonies and Lord Privy Seal. But more eloquent speeches were made by Lord Curzon of Kedleston, formerly Viceroy of India, and the Archbishop of York. The former upheld the absolute right of the House of Lords to reject the Finance Bill, and declared that the Lords would not shrink even from the reform of their chamber if that were the result of the momentous struggle which was impending. The Archbishop of York strongly opposed Lord Lansdowne's motion, and declared that its passage would endanger the existence of the House of Lords, never more necessary than now. On the final vote the Peers, with a few exceptions, divided on strict party lines. A notable absentee was Lord St. Aldwyn, who as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had been one of the ablest of Conservative Chancellors of the Exchequer. The Archbishop of York and the Bishops of Birmingham, Chester, and St. Asaph voted in the negative, while the Bishop of Hereford, who had made a strong speech in favor of the Budget, was paired against the resolution. After the result of the vote had been announced the assemblage broke up quietly and without expression of enthusiasm.

THE COMMONS REPLY TO THE LORDS

The day after the Lords issued their challenge to the Commons by such a decisive rejection of the Finance Bill the Commons replied to

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it in no uncertain terms. In a masterly speech the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, proposed a resolution declaring that the action of the House of Lords in rejecting the Budget was a breach of the Constitution and a usurpation of the rights of the House of Commons. After elaborating this denunciation of the Lords' action, Mr. Asquith described the consequences as to the taxes for the present year. It will be remembered, as has already been told in The Outlook, that as soon as the Budget is introduced in the House of Commons resolutions assessing the taxes contained in it are passed by that house. From that moment the taxes, new as well as old, are collected, although they have not actual legal sanction until the Finance Bill, several months later, has become law. Since April, then, the taxes in the Lloyd-George Budget have been collected under the resolutions, but the resolutions lose all force with the prorogation (that is, the final adjournment for this session) of Parliament. A large deficit and heavy losses in revenue, said Mr. Asquith, were inevitable, and for this the Lords were responsible. The Government could not submit a modified Budget for the raising of revenues in the interval before the election, for to do so would be to admit the right of the Lords to amend and make over a Finance Bill. There was no alternative save the dissolution of the present Parliament and the postponement of financial legislation until the new House of Commons should meet. The first act of the Government in the new Parliament would be to reimpose for the current year all the taxes in the rejected Budget. Mr. Asquith declared that if the contention of the Lords that in rejecting the Budget they were only referring it to the people were sustained, no Liberal Government would be safe. They might have to refer all taxes to the people; and the Lords would have power to compel a dissolution of Parliament each year. "We shall ask the House by its vote," said the Premier, "and we shall ask the constituencies at the earliest possible moment, to declare that the organ for the voice of the free people of this country is to be found in the accredited representatives of the nation." The resolution was opposed in a speech by the leader of the Opposition, Mr. Balfour, but it was carried by a vote of 349 to 134. The next day Parliament was prorogued until January 17. But this action was purely formal, for Parliament will unquestionably be dissolved before that date arrives. A general election is to be held in January, when the country will be asked to vote on these interwoven questions: The right of the Lords to interfere in financial legislation, and indeed in any legislation passed by a great majority in the Commons; the taxes in the present Budget; higher taxation of property *versus* tariff reform; the extension of the social reform programme of the Liberal party.

SECRETARY KNOX CALLS ZELAYA TO ACCOUNT

"Plain-spoken" is the word that best describes the letter from our Secretary of State to Señor Rodriguez, the Nicaraguan Chargé d'Affaires at Washington. The letter has been criticised as undiplomatic, but there are occasions when the best diplomacy is to speak plainly, to mean what is said, and to make it clear that action will promptly follow speech. Secretary Knox's letter makes it evident that there are two important questions relating to Nicaraguan affairs in which the United States is properly concerned and may properly act. One is the immediate occasion, the other the underlying cause. As to the first, the execution of two American citizens by President Zelaya's orders, it need only be said that this country has the right to full information, the right to institute its own independent inquiry if needed, and the right to reparation if it shall appear that these men were not treated in accordance with the laws of civilized warfare as practiced by enlightened nations. The two men, Groce and Cannon, it is believed, were commissioned officers of the insurgent forces; and such a state of actual war exists in Nicaragua (despite the fact that the belligerency of the insurgents had not been formally recognized) that the shooting of captured prisoners without fair trial is barbarous, and, when such prisoners are Americans, will not be tolerated with indifference by this country. It is even reported, Secretary Knox says, that the killing of Groce and

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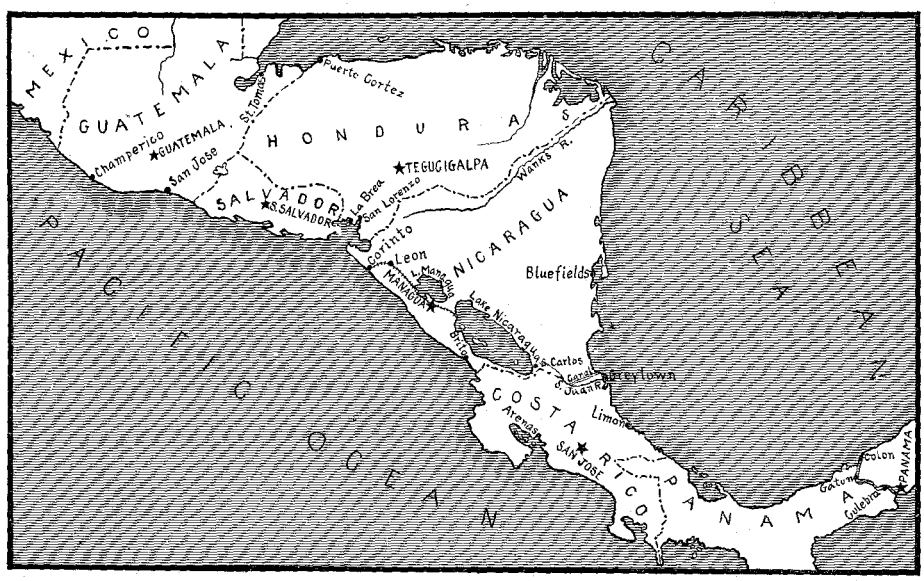

THE REPUBLICS OF CENTRAL AMERICA

Cannon was preceded by cruel torture; and if this rumor be substantiated, the American people will surely demand ample and conspicuous expiation of the outrage by those who were guilty. At all events, Government, press, and people will unite in demanding the fullest possible inquiry into all the circumstances, and will not placidly accept any uncorroborated or loose statement by the notorious Zelaya or his agents. It must be added that we shall also require adequate guarantees for the safety of American life and the security of American property in Nicaragua. Beneath this immediate cause of troubled relations between the two countries lies the guilt of Nicaragua as a disturber of peace in Central America. Although made up of several small republics, Central America in its international relations must be looked at as a whole; anarchy and civil war in one republic always affect unhappily one or more of its neighbors, and an evilly disposed tyrant in one republic always tries to make his position secure by the glory of a victory over a neighboring state. Now, with this in view, two years ago the United States and Mexico, jointly and in order to preserve peace on this continent, brought pressure to bear, though in a friendly and even cordial way, upon the Central American republics and led them to agree upon a mutual plan of arbitration for their disputes, and to establish an authorized court for that purpose. We shall not stand idly by and see a man like Zelaya disrupt this agreement by oppression, cruelty, and extortion in his own country and by constantly involving that country in his personal disputes with the other republics. The United States may very well delay actual interference for a little, because there is reason to believe that the revolution under General Estrada is likely to drive Zelaya from power within a brief period, and it is at least probable that any conceivable new Government would be more tractable and reasonable than the old. If, however, Zelaya gains the victory, or if he succeeds in putting one of his tools in his place, as some reports say he means to do, then the situation will call for vigorous action by this country. It is not often that the head of the State Department of one nation uses such words about the President of another republic as these from Mr. Knox's letter: "It is notorious that President Zelaya has almost continuously kept Central America in tension of turmoil, that he has repeatedly and flagrantly violated the provisions of the conventions, and by a baleful influence upon Honduras, whose neutrality the conventions were to assure, has sought to discredit those sacred international obli-

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gations to the great detriment of Costa Rica, El Salvador, and Guatemala." Secretary Knox adds that it is a matter of common knowledge that under Zelaya's rule "republican institutions have ceased to exist in Nicaragua except in name, public opinion and the press have been throttled, and prison has been the reward of any tendency to real patriotism." The dignity of this Nation long since required the withdrawal of our Minister from Nicaragua; lately it has been reported that the American Consul there has been subject to threat and insult; now our Government hands his passports to the Nicaraguan chargé d'affaires, but with courteous expressions to him personally, and an intimation that our State Department will be glad to receive him as an unofficial channel of communication, precisely as it does also the Washington representative of the revolutionary movement. Meanwhile, although no troops have been landed by the United States on Nicaraguan territory, a force of marines is being assembled at Panama, gunboats have been ordered to Nicaraguan ports, and it is quite evident that our Government, although it will not act rashly or hastily, is prepared to enforce whatever demands full inquiry shows it ought to make.

THE NAVY

In his report Secretary Meyer really raises the question, What is the Navy Department for? The chief improvements in that department which he recommends are for the purpose, not so much of gaining an incidental advantage in the running of the department machine, as of making sure that the Navy Department more nearly accomplishes its aim. The defects which he regards as serious in the existing organization of the department he illustrates by a comparison between the Navy Department and a hypothetical railway. He says: "From the beginning of the navy attention has been given chiefly to providing ships. The situation would be paralleled in a railroad organization if, after the construction of the roadway, the completion of the rolling stock, and the establishment of the business and financial departments, no branch was provided for operating the road. An operating division of the fleet is a branch that has been lacking in the Navy Department." Mr. Meyer gives full credit to the existing bureaus in the Navy Department for what they have accomplished. Indeed, his praise of the bureaus for bringing about the "existing gratifying material condition of the navy" is exceptionally high. He points out, however, that those bureaus are not organized with a view to operating the fleet after it comes into existence, and that the Secretary of the Navy, himself a civilian, and frequently a man of brief experience in his office, is "without expert responsible advice or aid." Mr. Meyer has therefore decided to select four naval officers—flag officers as far as practicable—who will give the Secretary the information and responsible advice which he needs. Each of these officers will have a special field. One will be operations, including strategic and tactical matters, and the movements and disposition of naval vessels; the second will be personnel; the third will be material; and the fourth, inspections. The Secretary has, moreover, found it advisable to recommend that the Bureau of Equipment be abolished and its duties be distributed among the other bureaus. Regarding the navy-yards, which have been the target for well-merited criticism, Secretary Meyer makes two distinct points: One is that since the Government has in past years suffered from the abandonment of National reservations, it is not wise to close any of the navy-yards without further consideration, particularly in view of the fact that the opening of the Panama Canal will create new conditions; and he therefore suspended the order signed by his predecessor closing certain Southern navy-yards. The other point regarding the navy-yards is the necessity of distinguishing between manufacture and repairing. He approves of the consolidation in the administration of the navy-yards established by his predecessor, but only to a certain extent. He regards it as impracticable to treat a navy-yard as a manufacturing plant. Inasmuch as a navy-yard exists for the repair of naval vessels and for the maintenance of naval vessels in good condition, he regards it as important that officers who have charge of naval vessels should have the opportunity of getting practical

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shop and navy-yard experience. He therefore has separated the two divisions—the hull division, which attends to the manufacturing function of the navy-yard, and the machinery division, which attends to its function of repairing and maintenance. He also purposes to develop the navy-yards so that they will specialize in different classes of work. He reports the efforts made to reduce red tape, or "paper work," as he designates it. He recommends legislation that will secure younger officers in high command. He calls attention to the fact that whereas the average age of the rear-admirals in the American fleet in its cruise around the world was sixty years, and of the captains fifty-six, the Japanese vice-admiral in command at Yokohama when the fleet was there was fifty-six years old, and the two other vice-admirals present were still younger, and that the average age of captains of the Japanese fleet was forty-four years and nine months. Secretary Meyer furnishes a striking illustration of the value of a navy as National insurance. He points out that this insurance is obtained at the rate of one and two-tenths mills on every dollar of the country's wealth.

UNCLE SAM'S FARM

It is a pleasure to think that the Hon. James Wilson, the popular Secretary of Agriculture, can sign his name to a Thirteenth Annual Report. And such a report! During the week before the assembling of Congress the country has come to expect the Secretary of Agriculture's report as a cheerful incident. This year's report is the most cheerful of any yet issued, in that it reports the most prosperous of all years. The value of farm products for this year is no less than $8,700,000,000, a gain of eleven per cent over 1908. Nor is this all. The value of the products has nearly doubled in ten years—there is a sum of $70,000,000,000 for the decade. As Secretary Wilson says, "it has paid off mortgages, it has established banks, it has made better homes, it has helped to make the farmer a citizen of the world, and it has provided him with means for improving his soil and making it more productive. The 1909 corn crop alone tallies $1,720,000,000, and, as Mr. Wilson adds, "nearly equals the value of the clothing and personal adornments of our people at the time of the taking of the last Census." The crop is worth as much as the gold and silver coin issued by the United States, plus the bullion held in the Treasury vaults. Two Dreadnoughts, for peace or war, every twenty-four hours, could be built out of the value of one day's production of corn. Cotton, the second crop in value, sold at a higher price than any cotton crop since 1873, the lint and seed alone—by-products from that crop—bringing to the farmer about $850,000,000. The third crop in value is wheat, worth this year about $725,000,000 at the farm, and this largely exceeds all previous values. In November the farm price of wheat was almost exactly a dollar a bushel, a better price than had been realized since 1881. In size the wheat crop has been exceeded in only two previous years. Then, in order of value, come hay, oats, potatoes, tobacco, sugar and allied products, barley, flaxseed, rice, rye, and hops. But the report is not one merely of statistics. Mr. Wilson also deals with economics. The foregoing plentiful products have not produced cheapness. Referring to the present high prices of necessities, Mr. Wilson deals with the retail price of beef in particular, and says that low-grade beef costs the consumer much more, relatively, than high-grade beef. "The poor people pay nearly twice as much profit as the well-to-do people pay." The result of inquiries made in fifty cities shows that the total average retail cost charged to customers above the wholesale cost paid by the retailers is no less than thirty-eight per cent. In this connection the report reviews certain features of retail business. Mr. Wilson concludes that the retailers' delivery service is costly, that the multiplication of small shops is a burden to consumers and is no source of riches to the small shopkeepers. "When twenty or more small shops divide the retail business within an area that could be served by one large shop, the expense of the many shops for labor, horses, rent, and other things that are in excess of what would be sufficient for the one shop must go into the retail prices of the meat sold." A reassuring feature of the Secretary's re-

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port is the proof which the reckoning of average yields to the acre affords, namely, that the fertility of our agricultural soil is not becoming exhausted quite as much as has been supposed. Even the New England abandoned farms are capable of rejuvenation by the introduction of scientific methods of husbandry, and the Western farmers are learning the principle of rotation of crops to avoid exhaustion. We are glad to conclude, with Mr. Wilson, that year by year the farmer is better and better prepared to provide the capital and make the expenditures needed to improve his agriculture and to educate his children for farm life and work.

OIL LANDS WITHDRAWN

Last week, by the authority of the President, there were withdrawn from entry and sale more than three million acres of public petroleum land in California, Wyoming, Utah, and Oregon. The Government is the largest owner of oil lands. It is likely to be the greatest consumer. It may surprise some to learn that the six largest battle-ships in commission or under construction in the American navy are equipped for either oil or coal consumption, and that the fourteen largest destroyers use oil exclusively. In his recently published annual report Mr. Ballinger, Secretary of the Interior, had called attention to the importance of asking Congress to authorize the Executive to reserve certain areas of these lands for the purpose of affording a supply of fuel oil for the future use of the navy, and to make necessary regulations for the preservation and extraction of such deposits. No legislation, he added, exists for the entry of oil and gas lands, other than the general mining laws of the United States, which are not adaptable to the disposition of lands containing mineral oils and gas. At present public oil lands have to be entered under a law framed primarily to provide for placer mining entries. Hence a radical revision of the American mining law is necessary. Anticipating that Congress will meet this evident need, the Secretary of the Interior has withdrawn from all forms of entry all vacant public lands designated by the Geological Survey as probably containing oil and gas. It is interesting to note that a leasing system for the disposal of oil on Government land is advocated, the Government to dispose of the oil as a commodity, and not in terms of acres, like coal or other minerals occuping fixed places.

A BY-ELECTION IN ILLINOIS

The first election for a member of Congress since the passage of the tariff law was lately held in the Sixth Congressional District of Illinois, comprising a part of the city of Chicago. The election was to fill the vacancy caused by the selection of Representative William Lorimer as United States Senator. The chief issues of the contest were the tariff law and Cannonism. The Republican nominee, Mr. William J. Moxley, who espoused these issues, was successful. He received 14,594 votes to 8,317 for his nearest competitor, Dr. Carl L. Barnes, Independent. Mr. Frank S. Ryan, the Democratic nominee, ran third, receiving 6,414 votes. A year ago Mr. William Lorimer in the same district received 32,540 votes as the Republican nominee for Congress, to 17,093 for Frank Wood, the Democratic nominee. Lorimer's plurality a year ago, in other words, was larger than the total vote for the Republican nominee at the election of November 23. Speaker Cannon talked in the district during the campaign, defending his course as Speaker. Mr. Clark, leader of the Democratic party in the House of Representatives, and Mr. Lloyd, Chairman of the Democratic Congressional Committee, went into the district and made speeches for Ryan, the Democratic nominee, who ran third. Dr. Barnes, the Independent candidate, raised the Republican insurgent issue in Illinois politics for the first time; and, while he did not win, he made a remarkable showing for an Independent lacking organized backing. Dr. Barnes and Mr. Ryan both opposed Cannonism and both condemned the recent tariff law. The difference was that the Democrat stood for a tariff for revenue only, while the Independent candidate took the Republican insurgent position of favoring the principle of protection but opposing the particular measure enacted by Congress at the recent special session. The Demo-

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cratic nominee labored under a serious disadvantage because of prior alliances between his supporters and Senator Lorimer, the Republican leader. Mr. Lorimer was made Senator last spring by the help of Democratic votes in the Legislature. The convention that nominated Ryan was officered in large part by Democratic members of the Legislature who had voted for Lorimer for Senator. Under these circumstances it was difficult to convince the voters that the effort to elect Ryan was sincere. Dr. Barnes condemned the bi-partisan alliance heretofore existing between Republican and Democratic leaders in Illinois politics, and questioned the right of Senator Lorimer to Republican support. Personal issues counted for a great deal in the contest. The organization in the district, led by Senator Lorimer, put forth strenuous efforts to elect Mr. Moxley, and expended a large amount of money to encompass that object. While it succeeded in electing its candidate, the campaign indicated a large amount of popular dissatisfaction with the management of both parties. In personality the new Representative will not be a striking figure in Congress. He is not an effective public speaker, and during the campaign referred all questioners as to his views on public matters to his campaign managers. He is engaged in the business of manufacturing butterine, in which he has been successful. In politics he apparently believes in the doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils, if he is to be judged by his administration of the affairs of the West Park Board of Chicago when he was its President. Every English daily in Chicago, with the exception of The Inter-Ocean, opposed the election of Mr. Moxley.

THE COST OF COAL IN HUMAN LIFE

By the disaster in the mine at Cherry, Illinois, in which some three hundred men were buried in the midst of suffocating gases, and only about a score were rescued, public attention has again been called to the loss of life involved in the production of coal. Such explosions are not uncommon, even though few approach this one in the magnitude of its results. They constitute, however, only one among many causes of death to miners. Day after day and week after week men are killed in the process of procuring coal. The reader of this paragraph can say to himself, with the assurance of approximating the truth, that yesterday ten men were killed in the coal mines in this country, that ten men are being killed to-day, and that to-morrow ten more men will be killed. Indeed, the daily average is really higher than that, for the mines are not worked more than, on an average, two hundred and ten days in the year. On every working day, therefore, fifteen miners lose their lives. This loss of life is a stain upon American civilization. It greatly exceeds that in European countries. Mr. J. A. Holmes, the expert in charge of the technologic branch of the United States Geological Survey, has declared in a recent speech that "the economic conditions upon which coal-mining is based in this country are fundamentally bad," and he finds the evil consequence of these conditions evident in the "increasing waste of resources and the still more unpardonable increasing waste of human life—the yearly loss of two hundred and fifty million tons of coal and the killing and injuring yearly of from eight thousand to ten thousand men." He attributes these evil consequences to a ruinous competitive condition which is forcing the large operator "to mine coal under conditions which he cannot approve but from which he finds no escape." The operator finds it necessary to take out from the mine only that coal which can be mined most cheaply, and to leave the rest of the coal in a condition which "may preclude its future recovery." This is the deliberate statement of a public official. This condition, moreover, prevents the operator from expending money in improvements and facilities, in wages, and in the training of the men, all of which would result in the saving of life. By far the larger part of the coal mined in this country is bituminous. This coal is sold at the mine at one dollar a ton. It has been estimated that if that price could be increased by ten cents a ton the increase would be sufficient to make coal-mining a sufficiently profitable industry to provide for the necessary improvements. The coal operators, however, cannot combine to raise this price

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because they are estopped by the Anti-Trust Law. In the opinion of many, including Mr. Holmes, to whose address we have referred, the increase in the price of coal would not be felt by the consumer. It is the great coal railways that profit now, chiefly by the prevalent wasteful and inhuman methods of mining coal.

WHAT IS THE REMEDY?

The Outlook has already suggested that mine owners and managers should be held responsible by law for notifying the rescue stations of the Geological Survey whenever an explosion occurs, and should, moreover, be required by law to do what some mining companies voluntarily do—maintain a corps of rescuers at the mine and suitable facilities for rescue work. These remedies, however, apply only to one cause for the loss of life. Most miners are killed one by one or in small groups. To falling coal from improperly timbered roofs, premature blasts or blasts that have hung fire, and other such causes, is attributable the largest proportion of deaths. To avoid such casualties stricter mining laws are necessary. Mining should be recognized by the law as a hazardous industry, and in it only competent men, tested by an examination, should be permitted. Illinois has such a law; and though it does not receive the full benefit of the law, because men already employed in the mines at the time of the passage of the law were exempt by virtue of holding a certificate of service, the State has received benefit in part. The death rate in the mines in Illinois is much below the average of that which prevails in the mining States. Such limitation upon the employment of men in the mines would not be hurtful to the industry, inasmuch as the men now employed are in enforced idleness a hundred days in the year. The value of the miners' organizations is proved by figures. In the nine States where coal miners are thoroughly organized the number of men killed per one thousand employed is 2.47. In the two States where about half of the men are organized the number killed per thousand is 5.07. In the four States where the miners are virtually all unorganized the number per thousand is 9.49. This contrast is not due to physical conditions, for it is to be found in neighboring States. Indeed, the highest average of deaths is supplied by West Virginia, where the physical conditions, the nature of the roof, the character of the coal, etc., are of the best, but where the men are unorganized. It is also significant that the State which has the highest average in the partially organized group has a lower average than the lowest in the unorganized group, and the State which has the highest average in the organized group has a lower average than the lowest in the partially organized group. It is clear, therefore, that the coal miners' unions have been institutions for the saving of human life. The reason for this is twofold: in the first place, the miner who belongs to a union can refuse to take an unnecessary risk because he knows that, if he is called to an account or discharged, his case will become a common cause; and, in the second place, the miners' organizations have secured better laws and better enforcement of laws through political influence and through influence upon public opinion. Apparently most of the remedies must come from the States; but one remedy can come from the National Government: Congress can and ought to establish a Federal Bureau of Mines.

ALABAMA REJECTS CONSTITUTIONAL PROHIBITION

The movement for the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors, which seemed to be sweeping through the South and meeting only ineffectual opposition, has received a check in Alabama. The State Legislature had passed a measure which would have made prohibition not merely statutory, as it has been since the beginning of the year, but also Constitutional. This proposed amendment was last week submitted to popular vote, and it was decisively defeated. As in other prohibition elections in Southern States, there was not only the usual interest among the voters, but there was the added excitement caused by the participation of women and children in the campaign, and even in electioneering on election day. It has become almost an expected thing that at such times women and children should gather, march,

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sing, and pray in the streets. So they did in Birmingham. The anti-prohibition forces, however, on this occasion fought with somewhat similar weapons. Near the polling-places they established brass bands for the purpose of overwhelming the prayers and songs of their opponents. Counties which have on their own account voted out the saloon refused to vote for the amendment establishing Constitutional State prohibition. Some people in Alabama attribute the defeat in part to the alleged fear on the part of farmers that the provision in the amendment enabling the Legislature to decide where liquors should not be stored might lead to the invasion of their houses by inspectors.

A WOMEN'S STRIKE

Can women alone strike, and strike successfully? This much-discussed question in the labor world is now being tested on a large scale in New York City, where there is in progress the largest strike of women in the history of American industrial difficulties, that of the Ladies' Waist Makers. In this strike there are engaged, or were at its height, 40,000 women, for the most part Jewish and Italian girls between eighteen and twenty-five. To the onlooker the notable feature of this strike has been the size of the uprising compared to the smallness of the union, for at the outset the union numbered but little more than a thousand members; but this very spontaneity of the strike, say the strikers, is evidence of the deep-seated grievances they have for years suffered. These grievances it is difficult to state concisely for the reason that, owing to a chaotic condition of the manufacturing trade, which is largely in the hands of several hundred small employers, there is little uniformity of conditions in the various shops; in some shops the conditions are unspeakably bad from the standpoint of wages, hours, and sanitation. In some of the best shops the conditions are not complained of, and the girls are striking mainly in sympathy and for the recognition of the union. But, roughly, the girls claim that they are required to work from ten to eleven hours and frequently are required to work in the evenings, and that their wages are too small, and are, in a large proportion of the cases, paid upon an irregular and unfair basis. Since there has been practically no organization among the workers, the wages of each girl have been the result of an individual bargain between her and her employer, with the consequence that a girl's wages have depended largely upon her skill as a bargainer, and with the further consequence that in the same shop girls were paid different rates for doing the same work. Another wage complaint is based on what the girls call the "bundle system;" the employer gives out a bundle of work to a girl, and, when she returns the completed work, gives her a ticket, which she can turn into cash on pay-day. If this ticket is lost, the girl has no claim on the boss for the work which the girl has done. The girls claim that the bosses count upon the girls losing a certain percentage of the tickets as a source of additional profit to themselves, and purposely make the tickets small in order to facilitate their loss. In contradiction of the girls' complaint against low wages some of the employers have shown their books to reporters, and these books revealed to the newspaper the apparently astonishing fact that some of the girls were getting $30, $35, and even more a week. But these high wages are not exactly what they seem. In shops where these apparently high wages are paid there exists a "sub-contracting system," and there may be three or four times as many girls actually employed as appear upon the pay-roll. It seems that the boss hires one girl, and that she engages two or three or four others to work under her. On his books the boss recognizes the first girl alone, and in her name he pays the wages of the group; so what seem to be the remarkably high wages of Rebecca Silverstein and Vittoria Tarentalli are in reality the earnings of four or five girls. This system is one of the grievances of the girls; they declare it results not only in low wages, but begets complications and difficulties among themselves.

THE HISTORY OF THE STRIKE

There have been sporadic attempts of the workers in the shirtwaist industry in the past to improve their conditions, but their endeavors have come

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to nothing, owing to the lack of organization. The present strike is, of course, for the betterment of conditions, but the girls realize that a preliminary step to success is the formation of a strong union and the gaining of recognition for it. In reality, therefore, the struggle on the girls' part is mainly for organization, and on the bosses' part is mainly against the unionization of the girls. Three months ago the girls in some of the large shops began to join the then weak Ladies' Waist Makers' Union. The bosses learned of this move and endeavored to check it. The situation that evolved in one shop, the first one in which trouble broke out, is worth reciting as it has been told to us, as an illustration of the methods taken to oppose the organization of the girls. The proprietors of the Triangle Waist Company learned that some of their girls had joined the union. One of the firm appeared before the girls and told them in kind phrases that the Company was friendly to the union, that they desired to encourage it, and, that they might better give assistance, they would like to know what girls belonged to it. The girls, taken in by this speech, acknowledged their membership; only, instead of a few that the Company had thought to discover and weed out, it developed that 150 girls were members. That evening they were told, in the same kind way, that, because of a lull in the trade, due to uncertainty as to fashions in sleeves, there was for the time being no more work. The girls took their discharge without suspicion; but the next morning they saw in the newspaper advertisements of the Company asking for shirt-waist operators at once. Their eyes opened by this, the girls picketed the shops and told the girls who answered the advertisement that the shop was on strike. The Company retaliated by hiring thugs to intimidate the girls, and for several weeks the picketing girls were being constantly attacked and beaten. These *mêlées* were followed by wholesale arrests of strikers, from a dozen to twenty girls being arrested daily. In New York State picketing is legal so long as the pickets do not obstruct the streets, do not touch the workers, and do not use abusive language. The strikers claim that there was some secret arrangement between the Company, the police on guard about the factory, and the police magistrate. At any rate, every girl so arrested, with one exception, was fined from one to ten dollars, and not one of the girls' assailants was punished. The one exception referred to was Miss Mary Dreier, the President of the Women's Trade Union League of New York, who is a woman of wealth and prominent socially. While assisting in the picketing she was arrested with other pickets and haled to court. Here, before the case came to trial, the policeman learned Miss Dreier's identity. "Why didn't you tell me you was a rich lady?" he exclaimed, in dismay. "I'd never have arrested you in the world!" And, though she was equally guilty with the others, he refused to bring her case before the magistrate. One of the interesting features of the strike is the part taken in it by representatives of the Woman's Suffrage and the Socialist movements.

THE STRIKERS' DEMANDS

The specific demands of these forty thousand women are for a fifty-two-hour week, a uniform scale of prices, doing away with the ticket and sub-contracting system, and, above all, the recognition of the union. The majority of the employers are willing to concede these demands, and before the end of last week the employers in over a hundred and sixty shops signed the agreements with their employees, and over fourteen thousand of the strikers resumed work. There were probably by that time less than a hundred shops in which a settlement had not been reached. In these shops, however, the employers, and they are the most powerful ones, while willing to accede to some of the demands, and to treat with the girls as individuals, declare that they will never recognize the union. The girls declare that the employers have had years in which to treat with them as individuals, but have as yet failed to do so, consequently they are going to fight for organization to the end. So it seems likely that a bitter struggle is still ahead. The ultimate outcome of that struggle, whether the establishment of the union by the girls or its destruction by the bosses, it is at this stage impossible to foresee. At

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present the most noteworthy result is that, whereas a few weeks back not more than two or three per cent of the Ladies' Waist Makers were in the union, now the membership includes eighty-five per cent of the workers, and the others are coming in as rapidly as they can join.

A GOOD CITIZEN

It used to be the fashion to talk of New York's "merchant princes." To-day that merchant is the most honored who is the best democrat in that he has most at heart the honor and welfare of his city. Such a man was the late John Stewart Kennedy, and such a man, in a different way, was Charles Stewart Smith, who died last week. Against these citizens no "anti-capitalistic" clamor is heard; no one dares or cares to call their wealth "ill-gotten;" what was well earned, moreover, has been well used. Mr. Smith came to New York, a New England lad, son of a Congregational minister, and, without special influence or financial backing, became a successful and finally a wealthy merchant. But his self-development in art and public affairs was with intelligent purpose pushed forward by him to keep pace with his commercial knowledge. When he went to Europe as a buyer, he studied art, and in his maturity he was a sound art critic, a collector of note, and in particular a patron and advocate of American painters. He took a warm interest in New York's Metropolitan Museum, and was a vigorous advocate of the opening of the Museum on Sunday afternoons—against the kind of opposition that now seems almost archaic. From his early days also Charles Stewart Smith stood for the political and financial integrity of the city. As President of New York's Chamber of Commerce, eight times re-elected, he did much to give to the utterances of that body dignity and weight. Political office he never sought, nor would he yield to suggestions that he should be a candidate for the Mayoralty and Governorship, but he willingly became Chairman of the Committee of Seventy which brought about the nomination and election of William L. Strong as Mayor, and was prominent in the Citizens' Union when Seth Low was nominated. He served the public also effectively as a member of the first Rapid Transit Commission, and was director or trustee of several philanthropic as well as financial bodies. Thus in many ways he served the city and its citizens, unostentatiously, without the least attempt at notoriety-seeking, sanely, wisely, and always as a broad-minded, cultivated man of taste and judgment. Personally Mr. Smith was of a genial, social nature, and few New Yorkers have had more or truer friends. This type of citizen is not quite so rare as some imagine, but it is a high type, and in it largely lies a city's hope.

THE LABOR PROBLEM ON THE STAGE

Whether the mirror is held too closely up to nature in the play entitled "Strife," by Mr. John Galsworthy, the well-known English novelist, which is now being given at the New Theater in New York City, may be open to question. "Strife" has been called a great play. A great play, however, does not present a mere transcript of actual life on the stage, but rather life as interpreted by imaginative art. "Transfigured realism," not reality, must be the aim of the playwright. "Strife" is a play, so to speak, of the reporter and the photographer, rather than of the poet or the dramatist. But within its limitations its author presents his theme with wonderful vividness and power. Labor and capital are the antagonists whose struggle gives the play its name. A great strike-war is being waged. The leaders of the opposing forces are ready to battle to the death, and their non-compromising spirit brings starvation and death to the workers and financial ruin to the capitalists. Roberts, the union leader, in his fierce animosity to his employers represents, we believe, an obsolescent type of the labor leader, but Mr. Albert Bruning, who impersonated the character, presented with rare intelligence the alternating ferocity and tenderness of a passionate nature stirred to its depths by misery and injustice. Mr. Louis Calvert, as the president of the corporation, was most effective as the iron man of affairs, who has crushed his labor enemies once and means to do it again, but who is broken by circumstances at last. The

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intelligent impersonation of these two characters was typical of the performance of almost the entire cast. The marked effect of this tragical play on its audience at the New Theater must prove even to the most skeptical the genuinely educative power of the modern drama. Though its lesson was not obtruded, probably no one who sees "Strife" leaves without being convinced that the attitude of conciliation in labor disputes is the only one that is socially defensible.

BEETHOVEN'S SOLEMN MASS

Carnegie Hall, New York, ought to have been crowded on Wednesday evening of last week. That it was not seems to be a reflection on the musical taste of the city. It must be said in extenuation, however, that there was simultaneously opera at the Metropolitan and Manhattan Opera-Houses and a concert by a very competent string quartette, the Olive Mead Quartette, at Mendelssohn Hall; and that opera had been given at the New Theater in the afternoon. It might, therefore, be considered creditable that, even though Carnegie Hall was not crowded at the same time, it contained a good-sized audience to listen to a choral work. Nevertheless, it seems as if those who really delight in music for its own sake would forego hearing such well-worn operas as "Trovatore" and "Pagliacci" for the rare chance of listening to one of the greatest of all choral compositions, Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis." A great painting, if it is accessible at all, hangs where the eyes can feast upon it as long as they will, and again and again; but a great musical composition exists for most of us only at the moment of its performance. Even those who by reading a score can hear with their eyes do not receive quite the vivid impression from a masterpiece of music that they do when it lives in even a fairly adequate performance. Now the "Missa Solemnis," which was completed in 1823, has been given only four times in New York—in 1872, in 1882, in 1905, and, finally, last week. Of the five other performances in the United States during the eighty-six years of its existence, three occurred in Cincinnati and two in Boston. Yet this great mass is one of the richest treasures of musical literature, a product of Beethoven's ripest experience and deepest feelings, to be ranked among the few greatest choral compositions of all ages. One naturally compares this Solemn Mass in D with Bach's colossal B minor Mass and with the mighty German Requiem of Brahms. In comparison with these, Beethoven's work in one respect is inferior. Both Bach and Brahms respect the limitation of the means they used; but Beethoven, impatient of restraint, transcends his medium. He taxes the voices of the chorus at times beyond endurance, with an effect that is painful to the hearer. Perhaps a chorus of trained soloists would be vocally equal to the task, but they would be scarcely willing to sink individual glory for the common effect. What is needed for this is a chorus angelic not only in voice but in disposition. At times, too, Beethoven, as in parts of the Gloria, in his efforts to reach heights of exaltation, succeeds principally in being shrill. On the other hand, nothing in Bach surpasses the sublimity of certain passages and the rich weaving of tones in others. Those who seek in this mass for tunes, or even for the simple and haunting motives that abound in Beethoven's symphonies, will be disappointed; but those who find satisfaction of the loftiest kind in the expression of emotion restrained and controlled by subtle and massive beauty of form will find it here. The performance by the Oratorio Society under the direction of Mr. Frank Damrosch was remarkably successful. That it impressed the hearers was evident by the demeanor of the audience. The enjoyment it gave was not the sort that craves expression in wild applause, but that shows itself in the desire to let a deep impression remain uneffaced.

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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

The two most burning questions before the country the President reserves for future treatment in special Messages—the needed amendments for our inter-State legislation and needed legislation for the conservation of our National resources. This leaves his Message more like a Speech from the Throne than were any of the Messages of his predecessor. It is not less explicit, but it is less electrical.

Foreign Relations

Over a third of the Message is devoted to foreign relations, and their condition is concisely stated in the opening sentence: "The relations of the United States with foreign Governments have continued upon the normal basis of amity and good understanding, and are very generally satisfactory." The most important matters noted in this portion of the Message are the reference of the fisheries controversy between America and Canada to the Hague Tribunal—the first case involving such great international questions which has been so submitted; the reference of the boundary question between the two countries to arbitration, and the similar reference to the Hague Tribunal of a question between ourselves and Venezuela. No new light is thrown on the Nicaraguan problem; none on the problems of the Far East, except the official declaration that no monopoly was intended by the Chinese-Japanese Treaty respecting Manchuria, and that no apprehension is felt respecting a mutual adjustment for a co-operative control of the coming of Japanese laborers into the United States. How much significance is to be attached to the President's frank recognition of the fact that "the apprehension which gave rise to the Monroe Doctrine may be said to have already disappeared," and that doctrine should not be permitted to operate for the perpetuation of irresponsible Governments on this side of the Atlantic, we are not prepared to say.

Economies

Perhaps the most popular though not the most important suggestion in the Message is the President's report that the estimates of the expenses of the Government for the next fiscal year are fifty-five millions less than the appropriations for the current fiscal year and ninety-four millions less than the estimates for that year. The President is justified in the hope that Congress will not act upon the supposition that the present estimates have been prepared with expectation that they will be further reduced. Coupled with this report of immediate economies is the statement that the Administration is carrying out a work begun under Mr. Roosevelt for a reform of the Civil Service in order to prevent duplication, improve efficiency, and get rid of needless or worn-out employees. For this purpose some plan of civil pensions for old employees in order that younger and more energetic servants may be substituted is indispensable.

Tariff and Legal Reform

The most important recommendations of the Message are those which refer to the tariff, legal reform, postal reform, ship subsidy, and public health. The President does not fear a tariff war. The power reposed in the President to enforce the maximum duties against any country which has enacted duties unduly discriminating against the United States he hopes need never be employed except to secure by friendly negotiations the elimination from the laws of any other country of such discriminations against the United States as may have been imposed without good reason. He does not recommend any immediate further revision of the tariff. He hopes to secure from the Tariff Board already appointed such facts and figures as will enable Congress to base its future revision on accurate knowledge. "The amount of misinformation that creeps into arguments *pro* and *con* in respect to tariff rates is such as to require the kind of investigation that I have directed the Tariff Board to make, an investigation undertaken wholly without respect to the effect which the facts may have in calling for a readjustment of the rates of duty." Changes in judicial procedure to reduce expenses and facilitate despatch constitute, in the President's judgment, "the greatest need in our American institutions." As compared with the expedition of the English courts the delays in our courts "seem archaic and barbarous," and he asks authority to provide for a

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Federal Commission to recommend amendments to cure these defects. He also recommends definite legislation in fulfillment of the pledge of the Republican party to put limitations on the power of the Federal courts in the granting of injunctions. He would forbid such injunctions without previous notice and opportunity to be heard, "unless it shall appear to the satisfaction of the court that the delay necessary to give such notice and hearing would result in irreparable injury to the complainant, and unless also the court shall, from the evidence, make a written finding . . . which shall define the injury, state why it is irreparable, and shall also endorse on the order issued the date and the hour of the issuance of the order." Even then he would have the injunction expire after seven days unless renewed after notice and opportunity to be heard. With both these recommendations The Outlook is in hearty accord, and it hopes they will be adopted.

Postal Reform

It is also in accord with the recommendation of the establishment of postal savings banks, which we believe, so far from interfering with private savings banks, would increase their business and multiply their number. But The Outlook is not in accord with the President's recommendation of postage reform. To cure the post-office deficit he proposes to make a difference between postal rates for magazines and for newspapers, because the average distance over which newspapers are delivered to their customers is 291 miles, while the average haul of magazines is 1,049. In our judgment, we want more simplified, not more complicated, rates of postage. The policy of the United States, and we believe of all civilized Governments, is a uniform rate of postage, regardless of the distance over which the mail matter is carried. To determine the rate by the actual or the average distance would be a step backward. The first step in postal reform is to charge to the departments, including the Senate and the House of Representatives, all the matter which is now carried free for them. We should then know what the real post-office deficit is. The second reform is a division of all mail matter into three classes—sealed letters, unsealed printed matter, and merchandise, each with its own rate of postage. We recommend to the President's consideration the admirable Annual Report of Postmaster-General Meyer, issued in the fall of 1907. Nor do we agree with the President's recommendation of ship subsidy. With characteristic frankness, he impliedly admits that legitimate payment for foreign mails would be only "*perhaps* a sufficient measure of the expenditures which might first be *tentatively* applied to this method of inducing American capital to undertake the establishment of American lines of steamships." For the promotion of American commerce we should do much better to follow the German example of free ships than the English example of subsidized ships. *Per contra*, The Outlook heartily agrees with the President's recommendations of the establishment of a Bureau of Public Health, of Congressional legislation to suppress the recruiting of prostitutes from the streams of immigration into this country, for the government of Alaska by an Executive Council, not an elected Territorial Legislature, and for such a reform of army organization as will make it possible to retire officers who are not guilty of any violation of duty, but who do not show such aptitude and skill as to justify their remaining in the service as a bar to the promotion of more efficient men.

President Roosevelt's Messages were in effect addressed to the people, though in form to the Congress. He compelled public attention, excited public interest, and created public pressure in the Congress for the reforms desired. President Taft's Message is addressed in fact as well as in form to Congress. It will attract no such widespread attention, excite no such general interest, and do little to create a public pressure on the Congress. It remains to be seen whether the more militant and compelling or the more pacific and persuasive method is more effectual in actually securing results. And for the determination of that question we must await the President's special Messages on Inter-State Commerce and on the Conservation of Natural Resources. For it is on these two questions that the special interests and the public interests are in most palpable collision.

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GROVER CLEVELAND[1]

In "The Winter's Tale," at the summons of Paulina the statue of Hermione descends from the pedestal, and, behold, it is a living woman. Like magic have George F. Parker and Richard Watson Gilder wrought. Grover Cleveland at their word ceases to be a mere public man and becomes what is far higher—a Man. Our public men we put upon a pedestal. We know them only by their public acts. They are simply the embodiment of certain political opinions, the individualization of a party. Thus Americans know Grover Cleveland by his relation to Civil Service Reform, the Tariff, Pensions, America's relation to Hawaii, the Gold Standard, and the Venezuelan controversy. According to their opinions on these questions of public policy is their estimate of the man. The pens of Mr. Parker and of Mr. Gilder show us the man at work and at play—his methods, his spirit, his temperament, in a word, his humanity. Their sketches are those of intimate friends who do not exaggerate his virtues but who scarcely recognize his faults. They are not eulogistic, but neither are they critical. We do not here attempt an independent portrait; we only convert their portrait into a miniature.

Grover Cleveland was by temperament a conservative. His political reforms were a recall of the people to the principles and traditions of an earlier time. He would not have denied that there are new duties for new days, but what interested him was a faithful performance of those duties which belong to all days. This conservatism was at once illustrated and enforced by his religious faith. "I have often heard him say," says Mr. Parker, "'The Bible is good enough for me: just the old book under which I was brought up. I do not want notes or criticisms or explanations about authorship or origin, or even cross-references. I do not need them or understand them, and they confuse me.'"

This conservatism extended to methods as well as to opinions. "The political, or, as he ought rather to be termed, the partisan preacher was his pet aversion." But this conservatism was not accompanied by sectarian narrowness. "He was tolerant, in the highest degree, of those varieties of opinion which enter into the outward work of the Christian faith." Nor was his religion an external form or a mere traditional inheritance; it was a living faith, as frequent references in his private letters to Mr. Gilder make clear. "In the work of public life and effort," he writes to Mr. Gilder, "God has never failed to clearly make known to me the path of duty." This sentence, with one other—almost the last words that were heard to fall from his lips, "I have tried so hard to do right"—constitutes the key to his character and the explanation of his remarkable career.

If spontaneity is essential to genius, Grover Cleveland was not a genius; but if genius is what it has been defined to be, "capacity for hard work," he possessed it in an eminent degree. He was from the beginning of his life a hard worker. "In his seventeenth year," says Miss Crosby, who knew him intimately at that age, "every moment of his spare time was given to the hardest kind of study. He was a persistent reader, devoting much of his attention to history, and developing even in those days something of a bent in law, which he was finally to make his calling." If in his subsequent life he did not continue to be a great reader, it was because more imperative duties left him no time, and in reading, as in everything he did, he was painstaking, thorough, and deliberate. He never acquired the art of skimming a book—or anything else.

He took an active interest in politics before he was a voter. Dr. Parker quotes him as saying that "before I reached my majority I had begun work in the capacity of what would now be called a practical politician. . . . As the result of this activity I began, as a boy, the work of distributing ballots, standing alongside the veterans of my party. From 1858 until my election as Mayor in 1881, I went to the polls, took my place, ballots in hand, as voluntary helper to my party and its candidates." When, therefore, he became a Reform candidate, first for Sheriff,

[1] Recollections of Grover Cleveland. By George F. Parker, A.M., LL.D. The Century Company, New York.
Grover Cleveland: A Record of Friendship. By Richard Watson Gilder. The Century Magazine for August-November, 1909.

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then for Mayor, then for Governor, then for President, he was no novice bent on trying new experiments. "There seems to have been an impression," he told Mr. Parker, "that I was dealing with something I did not understand; but these men little knew how thoroughly I had been trained, and how I often laughed in my sleeve at their antics." He knew very thoroughly the professional politicians and their methods, but he also knew, what they did not know, that "back of the machinery with which they screened themselves there was still a great and interested mass of people who did not wait for permission to form their opinions."

It was because this great and interested mass of people in Buffalo had come to have confidence in him that he was selected by the Democratic party as its candidate for the offices, first of Sheriff and then of Mayor, because the machine saw in him a drawing card. And his straightforward and courageous fight against the political corruption which had previously dominated the city of Buffalo made him known as a good candidate with whom to oppose the Republican party in the State. His election as Governor by the then unparalleled majority of 192,000 was due less to his personal popularity—for he was but little known throughout the State—than to a popular revolt against the methods of the Republican machine; but it made him at once an inevitable candidate for the Presidency, and he was nominated and elected, as he had been to the Mayoralty and the Governorship, without effort on his part. Indeed, it may be truthfully said that he was, throughout his career, more important to his party than his party was to him. Had it followed his leadership, it would not be in its present parlous state. One of the most interesting chapters in Mr. Parker's volume is his account of the spontaneous movement which compelled Mr. Cleveland's third nomination, in spite of the Democratic machine, a nomination which resulted in his second election.

In his office he steadfastly refused to avail himself of those aids on which not only most public men but most successful business men are accustomed to rely. He made but scant use of the stenographer, writing nearly all his innumerable letters with his own hand. This may have been because he could not acquire the art of dictation. But he also refused to incorporate in his Message the written suggestions of his associates, even when he entirely agreed with them; he always had to think the suggestion over, make it his own, and then incorporate it in his own words, or else omit it altogether. After his first election, yielding to the persuasion of Mr. Tilden, he allowed Mr. Manton Marble to prepare his inaugural address for him. But he subsequently told Mr. Parker that "whether as Mayor, Governor, or President, that was the first and last time I ever signed anything either enunciating or advocating a policy which was not written wholly by myself," and Mr. Parker adds his conviction that nothing in all Cleveland's public life caused him deeper regret than the one exception to this rule in the case of his first inaugural. To the same unwillingness to accept responsibility for another man's work was due his invariable custom, both as Governor and as President, of himself examining the records in every case of application for pardon, never acting on the judgment of subordinates. Says Mr. Parker:

> All the illustrating papers were to accompany the recommendations of the department: the petitions, the letters from judges or jurymen; the previous record of the applicant; the time that had elapsed between his arrest and his conviction; the character of the prisoner and of his work before sentence; his conduct, and, in reality, every fact which could by any possibility bear upon the case, was to be available, if, in his judgment, it was needed. When this record was made up and submitted, he would still keep me for hours going over all the features entering into the account with as much care as if he were himself trying the accused in a court of original jurisdiction.

This habit of personal attention to all the detailed work of his office he accomplished only by denying himself the sleep which a man of more nervous organization would have imperatively required. He worked at his desk in the White House habitually till two o'clock in the morning, and often until three. How far this habit was due to supereminent conscientiousness, how far to temperament, it is difficult to say. Mr. Tilden evidently attributed it to temperament. "What kind of

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a man is this Cleveland?" he was once asked. "'Oh,' was the reply, in that thin, squeaky voice which characterized his later years, 'he is the kind of man who would rather do something badly for himself than to have somebody else do it well.'"

That this spirit of patient persistence in whatever he undertook was temperamental is indicated by the fact that it was as characteristic of his play as of his work. "Mr. Cleveland," says Mr. Gilder, "was immoderate in only two things—his desk work and his fishing. Over and over he sat up until near morning at his desk in the White House; and he was always willing to begin fishing and never appeared to be quite willing to stop." In a friendly speech at a neighborly dinner given to the ex-President in 1895 Mr. Gilder said:

> The guest we know to-day will fish when it shines and fish when it rains; I have seen him pull up bass in a lively thunder-storm and refuse to be driven from a Cape Cod pond by the worst hail-storm I ever witnessed or suffered. He will fish through hunger and heat, lightning and tempest. When the elder and wiser Jefferson and I will go off and dry our clothes, the younger Jefferson—our Cape Cod Prince Charley—and the ex-President will keep on while light holds and bass bite. This I have discovered is the secret of "Cleveland luck;" it is hard work and no let up.

We hope that this brief sketch may send some readers to Mr. Parker's book and Mr. Gilder's articles to become personally acquainted with one who, whatever estimate history may finally form of him as a statesman, was accounted by all who knew him personally and without previous prejudice as every inch a man. Our own estimate of him we cannot better put than in his own modest words:

> . . . I honestly think, my dear Gilder, that there are things in my life and career that if set out and *read* by the young men of our country might be of benefit to a generation soon to have in their keeping the safety and the mission of our nation.

We can think of no man who could have written that life so well as Mr. Gilder, and no better contribution which he could have made to the permanent literature of his country than such a life of Grover Cleveland. It adds poignancy to the universal sorrow in Mr. Gilder's death that he did not live to write such a biography.

POET AND PRIEST

In one of his early essays Carlyle characterized Schiller as a priest among poets. Father Tabb, as he was affectionately known by a wide circle of readers and friends, was both priest and poet; and his death at St. Charles's College, Ellicott City, Maryland, has brought genuine sorrow to many who never saw the poet but who divined his rare and tender spirit through the little lyrics that flew like song-birds from his seclusion and have made their nests in many homes. The Rev. John Banister Tabb was a Virginian by birth, and a devout Southerner of the old-fashioned type. He was educated largely at the hands of private tutors, but his training, like that of many another Southern youth, was interrupted by the Civil War, which swept like a whirlwind through the Southern country and for a while silenced the poets. Father Tabb became a Confederate soldier, and found a place in one of its most dangerous forms of service—blockade-running. He was captured and imprisoned at Point Lookout, in Maryland; an experience which, as so often happens, although untoward on its face, was most happy in its outcome, for it brought him in contact with Sidney Lanier, and ripened a lifelong friendship between the two men, both of whom were to be associated in later years with educational work in or near the city of Baltimore. At the close of the war Father Tabb became a teacher at St. Paul's School in that city, and later in Racine College, Michigan. He was at that time a member of the Episcopal Church. In 1872 he became a Catholic and a student at St. Charles's College. He was speedily appointed teacher of English in that institution, and in 1884 was ordained a priest, returning shortly after his ordination to the college, and remaining there as teacher of English until his death.

Like Brother Azarias, whom he resembled in the quietness of his spirit and the shyness of his nature, Father Tabb was all his life out of the rush of affairs and away from the tumult of cities. A little over a year ago a great sorrow overshadowed him in his loss of sight, but his natural strength of character and his faith enabled him to turn a great affliction into

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a new source of strength. A few lines written in this crisis may be taken as autobiographic:

"Back to the primal gloom
Where life began,
As to my mother's womb
Must I, a man,
Return:
Not to be born again,
But to remain:
And in the School of Darkness learn
What mean
The things unseen."

When the news of this loss of sight reached Father Tabb's readers throughout the country, a wealth of affection for him revealed itself and helped him to bear his sore trial; for, in the case of a poet who was a devout lover of nature and who found endless delight in being abroad in the fields and woods, no limitation could have been harder to bear with fortitude and cheerfulness than the loss of sight.

Father Tabb was a lyric poet, and many of his songs are quatrains or sestets; for he had a rare genius for condensing his emotion or thought without sacrificing clarity or beauty. His seclusion from the world gave his poetry a peculiar quietness, while his intimacy with nature and his habit of close observation made him a celebrant of the birds, the diverse quality of whose songs he seemed able to interpret by a kind of sympathetic divination. The little books which contain his work—most of which can be put into the pocket of a coat—came from the press at irregular intervals. Probably seven or eight tiny volumes contain all that he wrote, and a casual glance at the lyrics they contain brings out his deep religious feeling, his passion for nature, and the refinement and purity of his sentiment. Although he lived apart from the world, his heart was deeply engaged with the fortunes of his kind, and one little verse illustrates the brevity and condensation of his method and the warmth of his sympathy. Perhaps the relation of man to man, so widely discussed to-day, has never been more beautifully put than in this simple verse, the creed of those who are working for their fellows:

"TO THE CHRIST

Thou hast on earth a Trinity,—
Thyself, my fellow-man, and me;
When one with him, then one with Thee;
Nor, save together, Thine are we."

Father Tabb's religious experience and faith were rarely dogmatically stated, but penetrate the whole body of his writings as in the verse

"THE SISTERS

The waves forever move;
The hills forever rest;
Yet each the heavens approve,
And Love alike hath blessed
A Martha's household care,
A Mary's cloistered prayer."

In the lines entitled

"IN SOLITUDE

Like as a brook that all night long
Sings, as at noon, a bubble-song
To Sleep's unheeding ear,
The Poet to himself must sing,
When none but God is listening
The lullaby to hear,"

there is the same sense of intimacy between the world and the God who made it. The grace of Father Tabb's fancy, the refinement of his style, and the spontaneity of his feeling for nature are brought out in the lines

"TO A WOOD-VIOLET

In this secluded shrine,
O miracle of grace,
No mortal eye but mine
Hath looked upon thy face.

No shadow but mine own
Hath screened thee from the sight
Of Heaven, whose love alone
Hath led me to thy light.

Whereof—as shade to shade
Is wedded in the sun—
A moment's glance hath made
Our souls forever one."

Professor Bright, of the Johns Hopkins University, who knew him well, describes him as frank and jovial, and the soul of wit in his intercourse with his friends. He saw the beautiful side of everything; he was fond of telling incidents of the Civil War, irradiating them with humor. He was an extremely exacting craftsman, unwilling that his little verses should go forth until they had received the last touch from his trained hand. Men of Father Tabb's temper, of his quietness of spirit, his genius for meditation, and his unworldliness of aim, are rare in any country. In this busy, hard-worked America of the twentieth century his little songs have come like rivulets of pure and refreshing water from a hidden fountain.

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THE SPECTATOR

It was only last spring that the Spectator remarked to Mrs. Spectator, apropos of things in general, that he wished he might some day chance upon a place inhabited by English-speaking people where the blight of bridge whist had not yet fallen. He said it much as one might express a desire to hear nightingales sing in a Persian rose garden or to see the lost Atlantis afloat beneath the moon. Mrs. Spectator merely smiled at a vagary so manifestly absurd, yet it was Mrs. Spectator who suggested the plan of spending a part of the summer in the islands of Bermuda.

From the gently enthusiastic periods of Thomas Moore to the raptures of the modern publicity expert, designed to lure the indefatigable seeker after a spot hitherto "undone;" from the quaint "Discovery of the Barmudas," otherwise called the "Ile of Divils," to the encomiums of overworked friends who had found there rest for body and mind, the Spectator was well acquainted with descriptions of the Bermudas. He was prepared to find them the most exquisite little set of toy islands in the world. He knew the raggedy sky-line of the cedars bent fantastically by the prevailing wind, the tiny islets set gemlike in the vivid color of the changing sea, and the wee white-winged boats gliding in and out among them, the white houses of lime-hardened coral, and the glory of the oleanders. He had even seen in New York Bermudian fishes, living scraps of rainbow with radiant jewels for eyes. All this the Spectator knew, and found even as he expected; what follows he learned by experience.

The Spectator found Bermudian society delightful, marked by an absence of undue formality and a leisurely enjoyment of tea and conversation. If the latter ever descended to the level of gossip, it was assuredly never while either he or Mrs. Spectator was present. For entertainment there was, *mirabile dictu*, not bridge, but games! games of the sort dear to the Spectator's long-vanished youth. For instance, on one joyous occasion each guest was handed a slip of paper bearing a given name of his or her own, and another of the opposite sex. Each one was to seek out the partner designated. Thus "Susan," the beautiful débutante daughter of an army officer of high rank, discovered the "Samuel" named on her slip in an elderly advocate of imposing mien. The partners all found, the game, based on the historic model of "Hunt the Thimble," proceeded, the hunt leading the merry couples to all the nooks and corners of one of the loveliest private parks in Bermuda. One day the Spectator remarked in the hearing of several young officers upon the excellence of the Bermudian golf links, and, incidentally, upon the pleasing character of the game itself. "Oh, I dassay it's a good enough game," drawled one of the young men. "We play a good bit of cricket and tennis here. For my part, I like a good game of croquet." The Spectator vouches for it. He heard those very words, uttered under the circumstances narrated.

No one grows old in Bermuda. The Spectator saw no wrinkled women, none with the strained and harassed expression so common in the North. Upon complimenting a young lady of ninety-four upon her complexion, which a still younger lady of eighteen or thereabouts might well have envied, she assured him that she owed it to the sea air and the sea bathing; but the Spectator knew better. A land without trains and automobiles, especially when it is in other respects a natural paradise, cannot but be a haven of peace. But a land without bridge! There may indeed the secret of eternal youth be found without seeking for it in the air or in the sea.

If the Spectator found Bermudian English society delightful, it was among the people of another race that he made the most friends. Soon after his arrival in Bermuda he noticed among the swarming dark peoples some of a lighter hue than the negro, with keen, intelligent faces and beautiful eyes and teeth. They are, he learned, Portuguese settlers from the Azores, farmers and gardeners for the most part, while from the negro population are recruited the house servants and drivers. There was a time when the Portuguese

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in Bermuda prospered, but of late years crops have failed, disease has attacked the onions and the lily bulbs, and the market for the latter has steadily dwindled. Now, burdened with debt, they have applied for assistance to the Portuguese Government through their Consul. None the less, they remain cheery and willing and intelligent, though pitifully handicapped, workers. After weeks of rain the Spectator drove past field after field where the lily bulbs had been washed out of the ground, but always the Portuguese farmer was already at work remaking the exquisitely exact beds. Much could be done for the Portuguese in Bermuda, but any attempt at amelioration would have to take the form, not of charity, as is the present tendency, but of opportunity.

The Spectator's best friend among the Portuguese was his nearest neighbor, Mr. Luke Saints, whose house is on a hill commanding a glorious prospect of valley and sea. Mrs. Spectator at once took to her heart his wild brood of motherless little Saints, who brought generous offerings of luscious sun-ripened melons, of warm, fragrant loaves of bread of Mr. Saints's own baking, and of bulbs and flowers. The Spectator confesses that at first he looked decidedly askance at the barefoot gypsy throng, but quite without cause, for, though untutored, they are absolutely unspoiled. There are five of them: Mary Agnes, the eldest, aged nine, who keeps house and cooks, aided, according to their several powers, by Archibald Joseph, Virginia Albertha, Joanna Louise, and last, but in nowise least, an adorable, infinitesimal Saint, John Wilfred, called Sonny for short. Their father, whom they adore, guards and guides them with a pathetic devotion, though he can give them no educational advantages. There are no free schools in Bermuda, and all too few of any kind. The Saints' teacher is at the same time their washerwoman and their dressmaker as well, upon those rare occasions when they require the services of one. If there were only a technical or trade school, but there is not even a free ward in a hospital. The rates of the latter as well as the charges of the local physicians for services to these poor people are astonishingly high.

The single drawback to a summer in Bermuda is the ever-present possibility that a typhoid germ in active health may be wending its silent way into one's insides. The disease has been endemic in the island for a century or more, and is very prevalent. The people—even Englishmen of culture—display an appalling ignorance of its causes as well as of methods of preventing and combating its encroachments. The Spectator was assured that it is caused by sitting in the sun; and, again, that it may follow excessive perspiration. There are no screens in the windows of the sick-rooms, and literally millions of flies. The law requires that the water cisterns be screened; but, upon the Spectator's remarking that the mesh is frequently half an inch square, an Englishman informed him that flies never drink water. Of course the people do not boil their drinking water from these cisterns—water which the Spectator has observed to teem with mosquito larvæ—even in houses where there are one or more patients. Of course there are no sanitary arrangements in the houses of the poor, and the condition of the outbuildings is in keeping with their unrelieved ignorance. All this is clearly stated in Professor Verrill's monumental work, which, however, the Spectator read much later.

The people have at least reached the point where they consider the welfare of fruit. One day an earnest young man, equipped with note-book and pencil, appeared upon the Spectator's premises, followed by an enormous negro bearing an ax. With a great air of importance the latter proceeded, under the direction of the earnest youth, to cut down a miniature pepper tree, in the fruit of which a pernicious fruit-fly is known to deposit its eggs; and this has been done all over the island. So far, so good; but the merry little typhoid germ continues to increase apace, untroubled by visions of disinfectants and screens.

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Robbing the United States

An Investigation of Systematic Fraud at the Port of New York

By Lyman Beecher Stowe

IN the fall of 1907 an errand boy in the employ of a Custom-House brokerage firm strolled into the office of a United States district weigher and made a simple request. He asked for advance information as to the weight of a certain importation of figs consigned to a Greek importer doing business in New York. To this information his employers had as much right as would you or I to demand of a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States a decision in advance of the Court's verdict. The weigher was honest, perfectly honest, but, like some other honest Custom-House officials, he had had rather too much faith in the honesty of others. At this time, however, his trustfulness had been displaced by suspicion as a result of the recent exposure of the sugar frauds, which was described by Mr. Harold J. Howland in The Outlook last May in "The Case of the Seventeen Holes." He reasoned that these brokers were not requesting illegal information either for amusement or through ignorance of the law. He dismissed the boy and decided to do some investigating.

The weight of the shipment in which the Customs brokers took such an aggressive interest had just been turned in by the assistant weigher, who had weighed it on the dock. Taking this record with him, the district weigher went out to the pier and reweighed the consignment. It weighed a third again as much as when weighed by his subordinate a few hours before. No wonder the Customs brokers were interested in such a magical cargo. The old official's trustfulness was quite dispelled. He found that several other importations had come in on the same steamer and been placed in a United States bonded warehouse. These he also weighed. Their weight had increased even more than that of the goods on the pier. Some of them had doubled in weight. Jack's beanstalk did not rise more rapidly or mysteriously than had the weights of these prosaic bags, boxes, and barrels. When these miracles were reported to the Collector of the Port, he issued orders that no importations of similar nature should be taken from bonded warehouses without first being reweighed. The miracle-workers were removed from these docks and men of known honesty put in their places. They were instructed to deliver no goods until the weights as found by them had been telephoned to the Custom-House and there compared with the weights given on the invoices sent from abroad, to the correctness of which both the exporters abroad and the importers here had taken oath.

Into the meshes of these precautions there steamed presently two ships, the Alice and the Herminie, of the Austro-Americana Line. They came from Greece and from Italy, with cargoes of cheeses and figs for various Greek and Italian importers. Each importation had increased in weight from one-third to one-half during the voyage. One particularly ambitious set of cheeses were sixty per cent heavier on landing here than they were on leaving their native land. The widow's cruse of oil was not more accommodating. And this in spite of the fact that the laws of nature (better enforced than those of the United States) prescribe a slight shrinkage in weight during voyages. Query: How much would these same cheeses have weighed had they been weighed by their deposed friends? They would have weighed sixty per cent less plus three per cent for shrinkage *en route*. Smugglers allow the laws of nature more than is their due in the matter of shrinkage. The importer would have had sixty

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per cent plus three per cent less duty to pay. He could then have "scalped" the cheese market by twenty per cent and still have reaped over forty per cent more profit than his honest rivals. Every importation on these two ships weighed vastly more than the weight given on the consular invoice and sworn to as correct by both importer and exporter. That wholesale frauds were being practiced was thus established beyond peradventure. But it is one thing to know that frauds exist, quite another to prove their existence, and still another to secure the conviction of the guilty.

George F. Lamb, an attorney in the law department of the Custom-House, was assigned by Edward S. Fowler, then Collector of the Port, to investigate these frauds. Now, since false consular invoices were part of the game, it was evident that the deceit began in Europe. Consequently Mr. Lamb went to the chief points of export for the Mediterranean trade in Italy, Greece, and Turkey. In these countries there is levied a small export tax. Hence the merchants of these countries must swear to the weight of their export shipments before their Custom-House officers. The shipments are then weighed by Government officers by way of verification, and the duty assessed and collected, before they are released for export. In Greece particularly Mr. Lamb was thwarted and opposed by powerful local interests in his efforts to secure evidence. He finally made a friend at court (literally), and was grudgingly given the information he wanted. He found an organized band of exporters with headquarters at Calamata and Patras, in Greece, in league with importers in New York and Philadelphia (and probably Chicago as well) for the evasion of a large part of the customs duties of the United States. These exporters would state the correct weight in the export declarations before the authorities of their own Governments. They would then go before the American Consul and swear to a weight from one-third to one-half less. This weight would then be incorporated in the consular invoice and a copy sent to the United States port for which the goods were bound. The American Consuls have no means of verifying these statements, and were therefore ignorant of the fraud. On the same or the next day the exporters would go before the agents of the steamship companies and state still a third weight for the same goods. This would be less than the correct weight given in the first instance to their own Governments and more than the false weight given to the United States Consul. Frequently it would be five to ten thousand pounds less than the weight stated to their native Customs officers, but five or ten thousand pounds more than that given to the American Consul. As the steamship companies charge by weight, they, too, were defrauded. By this nicely adjusted system they were cheated about half as much as was the United States Government. It must have been a mental if not a moral strain upon these enterprising merchants to swear to three different weights for the same goods in more or less rapid succession. After it had become a matter of record that these goods weighed three different and widely varying amounts, they were loaded upon steamers and brought to this country to be again weighed.

The port of New York was at this time divided into five weighing districts. In charge of each district was a United States weigher. These weighers were responsible to the Surveyor of the Port, who is the outside executive for the Collector of the Port. Each weigher had an office in his district, which was in charge of a foreman. The actual weighing was done by assistant United States weighers stationed on the piers. The Treasury regulations requiring that these actual weighers be frequently shifted were evaded by the "System," and matters were so arranged that the same weighers were left on the same piers for several years at a time. Thus the interested importers had the comfortable assurance that their cargoes would be received and weighed by "friendly" weighers. A "good" Mediterranean cargo meant from one thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars to a "friendly" assistant weigher—a quite substantial reward for a four-dollar-a-day employee, even though he did have to give some of it to "the men higher up." This is the way the "friendly" weigher operated. First he weighed the goods and made a record of their true weight on a

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memorandum. He then met the importer at some place agreed upon, and learned from him the invoiced or fraudulent weight of the goods. They would then subtract the fraudulent from the true weight, and estimate the saving in duties thus effected. The importer would then pay to the Government officer a cash sum equal to half the evaded duty. The weigher would thereupon return to the pier and enter in his official dock book the fraudulent weight minus an imaginary allowance for shrinkage. Upon the weights given in this book the duties were estimated and collected.

The assistant weigher was supposed to hand over one-half his spoils to his foreman, he in turn was supposed to give one-half of his share to the United States weigher in charge of the district, and he to send half of his booty to an official in the Custom-House itself, who was the apex of the "System." As a matter of practice, the weigher gave the foreman as little as he could without a serious quarrel, the foreman did the same by the United States weigher, and the weigher did the same by the official in the Custom-House. In the recent trial of Antonio and Philip Musica, when one of the attorneys asked an assistant United States weigher, who had turned State's evidence, why the members of the System did not keep a record of their respective share of the spoils, he replied, "I suppose we relied on the honor among thieves." As they appear to have cheated one another almost as constantly as they cheated the Government, this "honor" evidently did not prove very reliable. Sometimes the weigher, by doggedly insisting to the sullen and suspicious foreman that the importer had refused to "give up," would even manage to keep everything for himself. That in spite of being cheated by their colleagues the foremen did well financially was illustrated by the examination of the bank account of one of them.

During one month, although living at a high rate, he made a deposit of $750. During another month when business was particularly brisk the same man deposited $2,000. On a salary of about $120 a month this officer lived more than comfortably and saved from $500 to $2,000. This humble officer was often more richly remunerated for a month's work than was the Collector of the Port or the Secretary of the Treasury.

The official in the Custom-House itself used his wider authority to shield, comfort, and protect all other and lesser members of the System. He saw that only "members" were placed in charge of docks where the cargoes of the System's importers arrived. All complaints were referred to him for investigation. Whenever there arose any suspicion as to underweighing, the matter was referred to him for appropriate action. Under the circumstances the action he took was always most appropriate. For instance, it not infrequently happened that the suspicions of the Liquidating Department were aroused by the great discrepancy between weights as given on bills of lading and as returned by the United States weighers. This suspicious condition would then be submitted to this gentleman for investigation and report. His method of investigation was simple. He would first pigeonhole the reports for several months and then refer them for further inquiry to the United States weigher in whose district the weighing occurred. As two of the five United States weighers were honest, this might seem a bit dangerous, but it did not prove so. The old officer who finally undid them, as described at the opening of this article, was thought to be harmless. He had been successfully hoodwinked for fifteen years, and probably longer. The other honest weigher knew what they were up to, but had been intimidated into silence. With the exception of these two officials, suspected frauds were investigated exclusively by those who had perpetrated them. After many months the investigators would report back to the Liquidating Department that "the goods, having passed into consumption, could not be traced." The Custom-House thieves were thus set to catch themselves, but they never did. Had a single one of the higher officers of the Weighing Division, with its one thousand employees, combined honesty with intelligence and courage, he would probably have long ago exposed the System. But with rumors freely circulated and generally believed that men had been discharged from the service for attempting such

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exposures, this would have taken no mean courage.

By this time Mr. Lamb and the United States District Attorney not only knew of the existence of the System, but they had the legal proof necessary to prove its existence in court. The first case to come to trial was that of the United States against Simon W. Mescall, an assistant United States weigher, and S. D. Stamatopoulos, a Greek importer. This case was tried before Judge Chatfield and a jury in the Eastern District of New York in January, 1908. These were the facts: Stamatopoulos had imported eighty cases of cheese on the steamship Alice, arriving November 2, 1907. She was docked at Bush Stores, South Brooklyn. Mescall was in charge of the pier. The weight of the goods stated in the consular invoice and sworn to by Stamatopoulos was 11,000 pounds. The weight returned by Mescall in his official dock book was 10,658 pounds. The financial panic was in full swing. As a result the importer could neither sell his goods nor borrow the money to pay the duty on them. He was forced to send them to the bonded warehouse. Here they were among the goods discovered December 13, 1907, by the elderly United States weigher who had been jolted into suspicion by the broker's boy. On being reweighed, it was found that these eighty cases of cheese had gained in weight no less than 6,822 pounds. Mescall and Stamatopoulos were indicted for conspiracy to defraud the United States Government. Instance after instance of false returns having been made by Mescall, both in dealing with Stamatopoulos and other importers, was proved to remove the theory that the false weight might have been the result of a mistake. One week before the opening of the trial Mescall, through his attorney, without any solicitation on the part of the Government, offered to turn State's evidence, make a full confession, and take the stand against the importer in return for immunity from prosecution. This offer was made on a Monday morning. Owing to the absence from town of the Government's chief counsel, it was not accepted until the following Saturday. Mescall's attorney then replied that his client had in the interval been "stiffened up," and now wished to stand trial. After a ten days' trial the case was given to the jury. After being out six hours they brought in a verdict of acquittal for both defendants. There is said to have been a big celebration in a near-by saloon that night. Shortly thereafter an article appeared in a leading newspaper of Athens, Greece, recounting that Stamatopoulos had been acquitted with great acclaim, and that the United States Government had practically apologized to him for the inconvenience to which he had been subjected.

In the Government's second case it indicted Assistant United States Weigher Charles W. Bligh for making a false return of weight. It was believed that this would be more easily proved than a conspiracy charge. The facts placed in evidence against Bligh made an apparently clear case. Again, in order to overthrow the mistake theory, false returns which he had entered at other times were shown and proved. It was shown that the weights he had returned had in some cases been less than half the actual weights. The case finally went to the jury, and the jury acquitted. They gave Bligh the benefit of what they apparently considered a reasonable doubt. It was evident that, no matter how absolute the Government's documentary proof, it must be supplemented by the direct evidence of either the giver or the taker of a bribe. Accordingly, certain importers against whom the Government had documentary evidence of fraud were offered immunity from prosecution if they would turn State's evidence and testify against the guilty Government employees. They rejected the offer promptly, contemptuously, and brazenly. One of them, when told that the Government had absolute proof of his guilt, referred sneeringly to the two lost cases, and said: "It don't make any difference how much evidence you've got against us, you can't touch us as long as we stand together. Unless some importer or some Government man turns State's evidence, which he won't do, there's nothing doing, see!" The same offer was made to the weighers against whom there was absolute proof of false weighing. They had been "tipped off" by the importers that such an offer would

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probably be made them. They rejected it promptly and impudently. Between guilty importers and guilty Custom-House employees there appeared to be an absolutely invulnerable offensive and defensive alliance. The weighers knew that, should they be indicted and tried, the importers stood ready to provide them with eminent counsel and to pay all their expenses. With the two recent acquittals as precedents, they believed no jury would convict them. The importers trusted to the power of the almighty dollar on their side as against poverty and public disgrace on the other. Should the weighers turn against them, what would become of them? Public disgrace and the loss of the means of livelihood is a heavy price to pay for mere immunity from prosecution!

Although its operations were temporarily suspended, the System remained intact and unafraid—ready to start up after the forces of law and order had retreated discomfited, and after the smoke and clamor of battle had died away. Why not do business on an even larger scale? Had it not been proved in open court that the Government was powerless to stop them? What are the real purpose and meaning of the System? *Prima facie*, the defrauding of the Government through the evasion of customs duties, accomplished by the corruption of Government officers. All this is but a means to an end—that end being the securing of the American market through underselling or "scalping" of rivals. Naturally, the margin of profit is very close on imported goods after the payment of our high duties. The reduction of that duty 10 to 60 per cent by means of frauds makes it possible for the importer to offer goods thus imported at rates far below those possible to his honest rivals and still make a greater percentage of profit on each sale than such rivals. So the dishonest importer makes, beside his legitimate profit, three illegitimate profits. He saves a part of his duty at the expense of the Government, by underselling his rivals he makes more sales than he otherwise could, and finally he makes a greater profit on each sale. When the tariff is revised, he divides his time between evading the tariff in New York and lobbying for its increase in Washington. The higher the tariff, the more easily can he ruin his honest rivals. One of the most stirring speeches in the Senate Chamber last winter was made by the Indian Senator from Oklahoma on the cynical anomaly presented by the action of the agents of the American Sugar Refining Company in defending the inviolability of the high tariff on sugar. The Custom-House System is the old story of rebates over again, except that in this case the rebates are obtained from the Government through Custom-House officers instead of from the railways through railway officers. Of course there was some show of legality about the railway rebating before the passage of the anti-rebate law, whereas the Custom-House rebating has always been plain stealing. An honest rival of the Musicas, the younger of whom was recently convicted for underweighing frauds, said recently that his business had been greatly injured by Musica's apparently marvelous ability to undersell him. He had long suspected the secret of this ability, but had not known it definitely until his rival's secrets were aired in court. It is now definitely known that this System, this great extra-legal business, has been in operation for fifteen years and has filched from the Government at the rate of over one million dollars a year. It has very probably been in existence twice as long and stolen twice as much annually. The money the members of the System have stolen from the Government directly is probably insignificant compared with the amount they have stolen indirectly from their honest rivals by underselling them and so capturing the market.

This is what Mr. William Loeb, Jr., was "up against" when he became Collector of the Port of New York on March 9, 1909. As friend, adviser, and secretary to Mr. Roosevelt for ten years, he had become addicted to big fights against dishonest business. Accordingly, when President Taft asked him what position he wished to take under his Administration, he chose the Collectorship of the Port of New York. That was the biggest fight in sight! For years he had been kept closely in touch with conditions at the port through his friend and old schoolmate Richard Parr, whose appointment as a special agent of the Treasury Department for the purpose

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of investigating the sugar frauds he had secured in 1904. Mr. Loeb had been secretary to Collector J. Sloat Fassett in 1891. While Secretary to the President he had handled all the Customs matters which reached the White House. Probably no man ever entered a great governmental office as thoroughly familiar with the problems before him as was Mr. Loeb when he became Collector of the Port of New York.

The first big problem which Mr. Loeb took up was that of how to secure the conviction of some of the importers and Custom-House officers whose guilt had already been established so far as was possible by circumstantial evidence. Both importers and Customs officers had refused to turn State's evidence for immunity from prosecution alone. Mr. Lamb suggested that the Customs men might have been led to refuse this offer by the fear of thus losing their jobs and their reputations simultaneously, and so being thrown upon the world without means of livelihood for themselves or their families. Mr. W. Wickham Smith, the special Assistant United States District Attorney assigned to these cases, believing this to be so, advised that the offer of retention in the Service be added to that of immunity, in order that some of them might be induced to confess. The idea of retaining in the Service self-confessed crooks, even under strict surveillance and in positions where they could have no further opportunity for dishonesty, was decidedly distasteful both to Mr. Loeb and to his superior, Secretary MacVeagh, whose advice he sought in the matter. What was the alternative? To allow all the crooks, both little and big, both inside and outside the Service, not alone to escape justice but to remain intrenched in their powerful positions, ready eventually to renew their thieving. Both the Secretary and the Collector finally decided that that was decidedly the more distasteful alternative.

Three United States assistant weighers at once accepted the offer of immunity plus retention in the Service. In the case of the United States against the importers Antonio and Philip Musica for false weighing, accompanied by perjury and accomplished by bribery, they took the stand and gave in detail the whole story of corruption. Their evidence was so powerful that, after the Government had presented its case, Philip Musica (with the obvious object of saving his father at any cost) changed his plea from not guilty to guilty. He told a pathetic story. His goods had been held up on the pier. He had gone one day to make complaint. The Customs foreman had taken him into a neighboring saloon and suggested that by the judicious use of a little cash he might not only avoid any such inconvenience in the future but might make a handsome additional profit on his goods. He assured him that most of the other importers were "doing business" with "them," and that there was no danger of detection.

Assistant United States Weigher Mescall, before referred to, was arrested December 30, 1907. This gave the members of the System their first intimation that the jig was up. The steamship Algeria had sailed from Naples December 16, 1907, with a consignment of cheese for the Musicas in New York, billed under the usual variety of consular invoice provided for members of the System. There was not a "friendly" weigher left on the dock where the Algeria was to discharge. An honest and unfeeling weigher would find that these cheeses had increased in weight 12,000 pounds during the voyage. The weight given on the consular invoice could not be raised, as a triplicate copy of the original invoice was already on its way to the Collector's office. Obviously these cheeses must not be weighed in New York.

To prevent such weighing there was just one way: Goods imported into this country which are to be immediately exported to another country are not dutiable, and hence need not be weighed. The elder Musica went to the agents of the steamship company and with difficulty persuaded them to allow the substitution of a bill of lading consigning the cheeses to Montreal, Canada, instead of to New York. This new bill of lading was dated at Naples three weeks before. With the ink scarcely dry on this ostensibly three-weeks-old document, the elder Musica went to the Custom-House, secured the necessary "transportation and exportation" entry, and thus avoided the weighing on the dock.

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After being consigned to Montreal, the cheeses were placed in a car and the car was sealed by Customs officers. On arriving at Montreal the car was opened and resealed by Canadian Customs officers. The contents were not disturbed. Philip Musica arrived the same day as did the cheeses. He tried to sell the consignment to Montreal merchants. They turned a deaf ear to his entreaties. They explained that there was not, as he had evidently supposed, a cheese famine in Canada.

There was nothing for it but to bring the unappreciated cheeses back to New York. On the return bill of lading Philip Musica entered them as 12,000 pounds heavier than they were on the New York to Montreal bill of lading. They might have grown stronger in the sealed car, but how heavier? The railway company noticed this inconsistency and put in a bill for back freight charges. It was paid promptly and without protest. When the cheeses got back to New York, they were weighed for the first time since leaving Italy. They were found to weigh 12,000 pounds more than the amount stated on the original consular invoice, 12,000 pounds more than the amount stated by the elder Musica on the bill of lading to Montreal, and just the amount given by the younger Musica when they were finally doomed to fall into the hands of honest weighers. Unknown to the owners, a representative of the United States Government had followed these vacillating cheeses on their little journey into a far country and back again. Notwithstanding all this, Judge Holt believed enough of the son's story to instruct the jury to bring in a verdict of not guilty against the father. The judge sentenced Philip Musica to a one year's term of imprisonment in the Elmira Reformatory and to pay a fine of $5,000. A civil action is now being brought for the restitution of evaded duties. The firm has been evading at least $12,000 worth of duties annually, and probably much more. Had it not been for the testimony of the weighers, both defendants would undoubtedly have been acquitted. The policy of immunity plus retention in the Service for a few minor offenders was justified not only by this partial concrete success, but by its indirect results.

The impregnable solidarity of the System was broken once for all. Dishonest Customs employees clamored to confess in order to gain immunity and retention in the Service. Only such were accepted as could give indispensable information and testimony which would make it possible to convict the guilty men "higher up," both inside and outside the Service. Also much valuable information began to pour in from the timid little honest employees who had never before dared tell what they knew. The promise of immunity plus retention in the Service has been offered to as few as possible of the assistant United States weighers, the lowest official grade of Custom-House offenders. They have made full confessions and are ready to testify alike against the importers who bribed them and the men "higher up" in the Custom-House who aided and abetted them. The attorneys believe it will not be necessary to offer immunity to any one else. These men are either under temporary suspension or have been transferred to posts where there is no opportunity for dishonesty. One of them told Mr. Loeb that the night of the day he made his confession he had the first good sleep he had had for years. Mr. Loeb believes that most of them have sincerely repented, and he is going to help them "to make good." With the information of these men added to the evidence that Mr. Lamb has gathered, indictments have already been found against five of the members of the System in the Custom-House itself, as well as against five big importers. The Government attorneys believe that with the evidence already in hand it will almost surely be possible to secure about twenty-five more indictments. Some of the importers against whom indictments will in all probability be found are men of prominence and high standing in the business world. This pervasive System of fraud has been found to extend to every branch of weighable and gaugable importations. It had so honeycombed the Weighing Division of the Custom-House with corruption that practically the only higher officials of the division left unstained were too incompetent to be a menace to the corrupters or the corrupted. In spite of its extent and power,

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let it not be supposed that the System ever included a majority of the Customs officers or the New York importers. Even in its prime it probably never embraced more than a relatively small proportion of each. In fact, no one was more anxious than these dishonest importers to have the majority of the importers pay the full duties. Otherwise they could not undersell them and capture the market.

The System is already suspended and broken. Mr. Loeb intends to continue the fight until he has so smashed it that it can never be put together again. We have a high tariff wall with poor and needy Government officers on one side and rich and greedy importers on the other. The importers want higher profits and larger sales; the officers want more money and greater comfort. Corruption has been the result. Should we not honor as heroes the majority who have withstood this temptation rather than condemn as rascals the minority who have succumbed? Certainly the least that can be done for the men who guard this tariff wall is to throw about them every possible protection against the constant pressure of temptation under which they labor. This is both the least that can be done and the most that a Collector can do. This Mr. Loeb is doing. With the confident courage of a strong man, a fighter and an optimist, he believes he can thus stop all corruption. Whether he can or cannot, the effort is a splendid one, and it will later be described in The Outlook.

IS HE RIGHT?

BY ALBERT EDWARDS

WE were swinging at anchor off the island of Dominica. The sun blazed down so cruelly that not even the shaded mountain-side could tempt me. It was too hot to go ashore, too hot for a white man to sleep. So I sought the shade of a lumber pile on the forward deck to read.

And there, stretched out on the bare boards of the deck, I found a negro sailor, nude to the waist, sound asleep. "Recouping from last night's spree ashore," I thought, until I saw in his hands a book. It was well worn, and his finger between the pages marked his place. The light tread of my rubber deck-shoes had not disturbed him, and I bent over to see the title of the book. It was Darwin's "Descent of Man."

I spread out my rug and sat down beside him. My own book—light indeed compared to his—had lost its attraction. A negro sailor reading Darwin in the tropics is more interesting than most books. Asleep, his face buried in the crook of his right arm, he was beautiful—in the sense of perfect physical proportion. His muscles, even in repose, showed hard and symmetrical. The ebony skin which covered them, so intimate with the sun and sea, shone with a glow of health which is seldom seen on white skin. The one disfigurement was a large, irregular scar between his massive shoulder-blades; it was evidently the result of some frightful burn. That scar and the book identified him.

One time the Captain, in an effort to convince me of the utter inferiority of "niggers," had told me this story: Years before a plantation negro in Barbados, a mere boy, had carried his master's daughter out of a burning cane-brake, and, when he had recovered from his burns, the master, in gratitude, had sent him to England to be educated. After leaving public school, the young negro had entered an academy of seamanship, and, graduating with honors, had returned to Barbados. He soon passed his examinations and received his license as third mate. He might soon have received a ship, when suddenly he threw it all up and enlisted as an able-bodied seaman in a war-ship. After cruising about

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the world for a few years, he returned to the West Indies and took a berth before the mast.

"He's in my crew now," the Captain ended, contemptuously. "He knows as much about navigation as I do—more, I guess—he's studied it. I had to work my way up—never had any schooling. I tell you it is a waste of money to educate them. You couldn't make a man out of a nigger with a hundred colleges!"

"Why did he give up his chance?" I asked.

"I don't know. That was before he came on my ship. Just lazy, I suppose."

"Lazy?" I said, incredulously. "From what I have seen of you, Captain, I should think that a lazy negro would have a pretty uncomfortable time on your ship."

The Captain, who thinks that on one day a week it should be permitted to kill negroes, smiled as though I had complimented him.

"He's not lazy that way," he said. "A nigger is all right at handling cargo or swabbing down the deck, but their brains are lazy. Before the mast he don't have to think."

But "The Descent of Man" is hardly the book for a lazy brain. I looked down at the "best seller" in my lap and thought with a certain shame of the serious books which rested undisturbed in the bottom of my trunk. The wind shifted several points, and, coming off the shore, brought a heavy breath of tropical fragrance, of which the dominant note was the thick scent of the sugar mills. I fell into a doze, pondering over the problem by my side. What did this man—whom the Captain judged "unfit"—think of "the struggle for existence"?

Suddenly I was startled by a brisk movement beside me. He sprang to his feet. For a moment we blinked at each other sleepily. Then he began to apologize—for what I don't know—and started away.

"No, no," I said. "Sit down and talk to me."

I offered him a cigarette. With evident hesitancy, still rubbing his eyes to assure himself he was awake, he accepted it.

"That is a pretty heavy book you are reading for this hot climate," I said.

"Yes, suh," he replied. "But it is wonderful. I have read it often, suh. It is interesting—for negroes, suh."

His pronunciation was slovenly, lacking the "r." But his accurate use of words showed education and much reading.

"Yes, suh," he went on, gaining confidence as he talked. "I used to read the Bible, suh, and I always thought we negroes were descended from Ham. That Gawd had cursed us. I thought, suh, that we'd never get over that curse. But"—he laughed melodiously—"but then I read Dahwin, suh, and I don't believe that any more."

"What do you believe now?"

He looked at me suspiciously, as though estimating the extent of my tolerance. Then he turned and looked long at the sea—out, it seemed to me, beyond the horizon. When he began again, there was something uncanny in his assurance.

"Does not Dahwin say the higher the organism, the longer the period of infancy? The protoplasm, suh, is born adult, and it dies in a minute. It takes the horse longer to mature. And so it goes, suh, till you reach man—the highest animal. The childhood of man is longer than of any of the species. It is the same with races. Yes, suh. The Egyptians grew up quickly. They became civilized very young, and, suh, they held the Jews in bondage—just as we are in bondage today, suh. And after a while the Jews grew up."

There was a glow of triumphal faith in his eyes, and again he was silent, searching the horizon.

"And after the Jews there were other races. The Assyrians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Goths, one after another, each taking longer than the one before to grow into full manhood. You Americans, suh, are the youngest of the white races. But you will grow up—and grow old, suh. The black race, suh, are very young children. Is not that what Dahwin says?"

It was a difficult question to answer offhand, so I begged it.

"Perhaps," I said. "But it is not quite so simple as all that. Some individuals are older than others of the same race. Some white Americans are very primitive—still children, as you would say. And some of your race are very highly

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civilized—very much grown up. There is one I know—Mr. Booker Washington—"

"Booker Washington!" he broke in with bitter contempt in his voice. He repeated the name, "Booker Washington!" with an even more scornful inflection.

"Grown up? Ha, ha! Why, suh, he's only a child dressed up in his father's clothes! Remember Moses trying to be an Egyptian? If he hadn't gone back to his own people, suh, you wouldn't ever have heard his name. I guess there were lots of young Jews who tried to act grown up like the Egyptians. I thought I could be a white man once, be master of a white man's ship, order white men 'round—then I read Dahwin, suh. I'm a boatswain now—just 'a good nigger.'"

"How long is it going to take your race to grow up?" I asked.

The bottom tumbled out of his exaltation. He put his hands up before his face, as though to shut out the sight of the too distant horizon.

"A long time, suh." And he dragged out the phrase with a sigh, which suggested a lapse of time far beyond the ken of our methods of calculation.

He was recalled from his reverie by the rattle of the chain which the baboon, Jocko, the ship's mascot, dragged about after him. The negro pulled a lump of sugar from his pocket and called the monkey.

"Come here, little brother," he said.

He watched the animal silently as it rolled the lump of sugar from one cheek to the other.

"And, suh," he said, with a dreamy, prophetic air, "when we have grown up and are getting old, this little brother will be growing into manhood." A twinkle of amusement suddenly awoke in his eyes. "Have you read Nietzsche?" he asked. "This is a baby superman."

"I don't think that Nietzsche would recognize him," I said.

"No. Perhaps not, suh. Nietzsche was only half sane. But Dahwin was a genius, suh. Dahwin would recognize him."

Just then the first officer bawled an order from the bridge.

"Ay, ay, suh!" the boatswain called, and sprang to his childish task.

COLLEGE DOMINATION OF HIGH SCHOOLS

BY W. D. LEWIS

PRINCIPAL OF THE NORTH HIGH SCHOOL, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

IN 1853 the Legislature of the State of New York passed a law providing for public support of secondary education. Public high schools immediately sprang up and supplanted or absorbed the old academies founded by individuals or denominations. This act was the final settlement for the Empire State of a vigorous controversy that had been waged for many years in country stores, school meetings, and legislative councils all over the country. Everywhere the verdict was the same. The public high school was established on the fundamental principle of democracy—equal rights and equal opportunities for all.

To-day we are hearing from newspapers, magazines, college professors, business men, high school principals, and laborers a chorus of denunciation of the aristocratic ideals and mediæval curriculum of the high school.

A few striking facts seem to justify the charge that this school has deserted its democratic principle of equal opportunity for all. The course of study is so narrow that pupils are practically forced to take that leading to college entrance; the average of failures in the first year of high school is nearly forty per cent; the number of pupils leaving school by the end of the first year is much larger than

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in any other year from the kindergarten to the end of the secondary course. On the other hand, a large proportion of the graduates, particularly of the boys, enter college. Yet the total number of high school pupils who go to college is probably less than ten per cent.

In view of these facts, it is time for the high school to determine why it is failing in its mission of advanced educational opportunities for all young people, whether their future is to be college, market, or shop.

The high school is failing in this mission, first, because its course of study is limited almost exclusively to the narrow range of subjects accepted for college entrance. It is failing, secondly, because its methods and scope of instruction, even within this cramped curriculum, are determined by college entrance examinations made by specialists whose point of view is not the welfare of the student, but the requirements for advanced study of certain subjects.

The course of study is limited to subjects accepted for college entrance because in the vast majority of moderate-sized towns only one course is possible without considerable expense, and the college preparatory course is given because it is demanded by the most influential portion of the community. Public pride in the single boy who enters college from the local school is oblivious of the twenty who have been driven out in disappointment by a course that failed to grip them with a vital interest. Economical school boards veto expensive innovations with the argument that the school now prepares for college, and the one narrow course for all is continued in the belief that Latin and mathematics will develop a mental storage battery that will turn the wheels of modern industry.

In communities where several courses of study are offered the results are often much the same. At their entrance to the high school pupils are very uncertain of their aims in life. Adolescent imitation favors the "college preparatory" course, and boyish snobbery is proud to study Latin. In half-unconscious acceptance of the tradition that the college preparatory course is best, teachers turn thereto all who have not decided on some definite pursuit. This, at least, will guard against unpreparedness if, two or three years later, they wish to enter a higher institution. Moreover, in turning every one collegeward, the high school principal is safeguarding his own interests, for if one of his graduates has not had the particular subjects demanded for college entrance, the principal must face certain criticism and possible loss of position.

Perhaps most important of all in limiting the secondary course to college preparatory subjects is the power of tradition. High school teachers are, and ought to be, college graduates. The richness of their own intellectual lives, however, often blinds them to the needs of the masses. They make a fetish of the subjects they love, and see in Latin, algebra, and geometry the only way of intellectual salvation. They fear the ascendency of practical over cultural aims, and feel that in encouraging college ideals they are uplifting their pupils. The conservative public reverences the gospel of the traditional subjects and the authority of the college elders. Ideals of high scholarship of unquestioned value for the few are set as the standard for the many, and the inexorable law of the survival of the fittest denies the opportunities of public education to those who cannot learn the language of the monastery.

How closely the schools are limited to the traditional college entrance subjects may be seen by a glance at the report of the Regents' examinations of New York State, which are taken by practically all students in all subjects. It would seem that if ninety per cent of our young people are to complete their education in the public high school, there should be ample recognition of the fundamentals of civil government and of the principles of economics. These subjects, however, are practically eliminated because they are not accepted as units for college entrance. In the January and June examinations, 1908, there were written 52,000 papers in Latin, 13,000 in ancient history, less than 2,000 in civil government, and 800 in economics. Glance for a moment at a few other practical subjects not accepted for college entrance. In business correspondence there were 788 papers written; in business arithmetic, 1,378; in commer-

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cial law, 669; and in business practice, 208. No form of domestic science or manual training has been honored with a place on the list.

The mentors of education in college chairs possibly can give reasons why such subjects as civil government and economics should not be accepted as entrance units. One of them, the dean of a great college, recently revealed the reason why every college has so many kinks in its requirements that only the most careful study of extremely complicated English will disclose their true inwardness. He said that his college demanded many things of which neither he nor the faculty as a whole approved. "But," said he, "you know every professor has a pet scheme of his own. The professor of ——ology knows that if he opposes the crotchet of the professor of ——ism, his own schedule will be reciprocally smashed."

Any attempt to extend the number of subjects or to change the scope of existing requirements for college entrance is met with suspicious scrutiny on the part of many of the colleges. Even the authority of the New York State Education Department is powerless to add or subtract one jot or tittle in the matter of college entrance units. By its dispensation of public money this department can dictate courses of study, qualifications of teachers, and methods and scope of instruction to the high schools, but the necessity of having its credentials accepted for entrance has generally forced it to take college suggestion as a cat laps milk. Hence the Regents' examinations, by which the high school pupils of the State are measured, are really college entrance examinations in another form.

The single exception to the State department's usual subservience to college domination has produced a row over the first year high school course in biology. No action of the department has met with more general approval on the part of public school men than the introduction of this course. The high Olympian arrogance of most of the colleges is shown by the actual experience of a high school principal, who, in his ignorance, proposed that some of his pupils offer this course as an entrance unit. In substance the following conversation ensued between the principal and the head of the college department of biology:

College Professor. We cannot accept that course as one of the six additional units required for the science course.

Principal. Why not, Professor?

Professor. It is little more than an advanced nature-study course. It has not the dignity that a subject should have for college entrance. Besides, the pupils are so young when they take it that they cannot possibly get the training required as a basis for our courses in biology.

Principal. Don't you think, Professor, that the first year pupil in high school ought to be given an insight into scientific methods?

Professor. Unquestionably he should.

Principal. What would you suggest in place of biology?

Professor. Oh, the biology is all right so far as that is concerned. Indeed, I think it is the best, perhaps the only, thing you can give him.

Principal. Yes, it teaches him to do things with his own hands, see things with his own eyes, and tell the truth in his own language about what he has done and seen.

Professor. I agree with you that it is a most valuable course, but I never will agree to accept it. We can't count on the pupil's knowing anything as a basis for our college courses.

Principal. Which do you want on the part of your freshman, Professor, a certain knowledge content on which you can base advanced courses, or the best training that the individual boys and girls can have?

Professor. By all means, we want the training.

Principal. You say, then, you want your freshman to have had the best training possible at each stage of his development. You admit emphatically that nothing is so valuable at his entrance to high school as the course in biology, yet you refuse to accept that element of his training as a unit for college entrance.

Professor. Yes, if you choose to put it that way.

Having demolished the professorial argument, the principal was obliged to submit to the professorial despotism, make a separate class for seven pupils and give them a course in zoölogy magnanimously

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outlined by this same professor, because those few boys had to have an additional subject that the college would accept.

Nowhere is the present high school course more cruelly deficient than in its training of girls. Look, for example, at a typical group strolling arm in arm down the corridor at intermission. If all young life is to be measured by the examination, they are failures. Latin, geometry, and ancient history are to them apparently insurmountable barriers. Yet they are unaccountably happy, and are evidently objects of interest to the boys to whom they are passing their fudge boxes. Are they really of so much less value than girls of the anæmic, bespectacled type whose marks are always above 90? A principal once said of such a group, made up of girls of unusual personal attractiveness, "There is not an ounce of workable gray matter in the bunch." Yet inside of five years every one of those girls will be the mistress of an American home. What has the high school done to make her more efficient in the most important calling in the nation? What might it not have done to quench the divorce court scandal, to rob the patent medicine vender, and to produce a healthy and happy race of world's workers, if it had taught her domestic science, personal hygiene, physiology, household chemistry, sanitation, and domestic economy? If, in addition, her course in mathematics had taught her to keep her household accounts with system and accuracy; if her course in drawing had made her feel the difference between one of Corot's landscapes and the cheap daub sold for ninety-eight cents in the department store; if her course in music had taught her the difference between Beethoven and rag-time; if her course in history and social science had taught her the difference between a democracy based on human brotherhood and a despicable social snobbery based on artificial distinctions of wealth and conventionality; and if her course in English had inspired her to appreciate the majestic harmonies of the great prophets and seers of the English tongue—if, in short, the course had been fitted to the girl, it might have helped her—

"to live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood."

Our present college-dictated high school course, then, is ill adapted to the real needs of the people in that it places the emphasis on the wrong subjects, and practically eliminates those that would be of the greatest practical value in the lives of the vast majority of pupils whose only opportunity for higher education is in the public high school. No less destructive of the welfare of the masses is the limitation in method of treatment of the subjects taught.

Lack of space will not permit a detailed analysis of the evils caused by absolute prescription of the quality and quantity of work to be done in each subject. Both are measured by examinations too often set by pedantic specialists, who doubtless know enough about the subjects, but who know boys and girls not at all. It makes no difference whether these examinations come from a State department, a college entrance board, or direct from an individual college. In any case, the evil is the same. The teacher must strain every nerve to cover the ground measured by the examination. Excursions into fields not traversed by the examination road are absolutely prohibited; applications to the real interests of live boys and girls must not interfere with reaching the goal in the prescribed time; observation along the route is valueless if it does not contribute to the quantity of examinable material tied into packages and labeled so as to be easily reached when demanded under the stress of a three hours' test. Teachers very well know that their success is measured, not by their inspirational power nor by the unconscious tuition which their personality may impart, but by the percentage of their pupils who make a creditable showing. Thus they become skillful in taking tithes of mint and anise and cumin, and learn to neglect the laws of spiritual growth and broad human sympathy.

In physics and chemistry it is impossible to go into the industries of a city and see the practical application of the principles studied. Much more than the allotted time is needed to make accurate quantitative measurements in performing the prescribed thirty-five experiments and in preparing note-books that will pass the college teacher's inspection.

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In French and German there is little opportunity to acquire a workable power over these languages that would be of real use in Paris or Berlin or in their miniatures in our American cities. These living languages of our greatest contemporaries must be taught as if they had been the speech of peoples buried under the lava of twenty centuries. The methods pursued in the ancient classics for entirely different purposes have limited our study of German and French to the translation of a set number of pages of literary masterpieces, the acquisition of a literary vocabulary, and the accurate mastery for examination of all the intricacies of grammar.

In Latin and Greek there is little opportunity to come into sympathetic touch with the great civilizations of antiquity, to appreciate the marvelous beauty of Greek pantheism through mythology, or to comprehend the world-conquering spirit of the Roman language, institutions, and laws. The splendid opportunities for training the powers of observation and discrimination, and for developing originality and accuracy of statement in English, are thrown away under the goad of an overloaded course and an enormous technical requirement. The time must be occupied almost solely in preparation for a formal test on such minutiæ as the principal parts of ὁράω, the mastery of grammatical exceptions, the writing of bad Latin and worse Greek, and the crucifixion of the mother tongue in the literal translation of foreign idioms.

In history mere questions of fact occupy most of the time. The pupil is seldom taught the relationship between the social conflict in Rome and the American Trust problem of 1909. He is not led to see that the real origin of the American revolt against George III is found in the English revolt against Charles I. The boy must enumerate the causes of the Punic Wars and of the American Rebellion, but need not see the clash of two civilizations nor the contest between a great economic system and a political pact between the States.

Nowhere else, however, has the stiff formality of an examinable requirement been so fatal as in that most important of subjects, the mother tongue. College teachers have written the courses, trained the teachers, set the examinations, and execrated the results. Instead of inspiring in the pupils a discriminating appreciation for our glorious literature that would be a continuous means of education and an unfailing resource against *ennui*, our teaching has produced the conviction that Burke is a bore, Addison a prude, and Milton a pedant. Instead of training pupils to express the experiences and emotions of daily life or to write an intelligent application for a job, we have killed off any interest in "Ivanhoe" that might have survived the minute class memorizing and analysis by compelling them to write five hundred words about the tournament at Ashby. We have given them literary texts in which every allusion was explained, and have forced them to memorize the notes before they were permitted to enjoy the story. We have made simple pieces of literature that they could have enjoyed alone the subjects of such close scrutiny, chasing each fugitive word back to the Tower of Babel, that they have welcomed the examination as a release. And when their red-inked essays reproducing the "Ring Story from the Merchant of Venice" and the "Story of Elaine" have been handed back for rewriting, our boys and girls have charged the abomination to Shakespeare and Tennyson.

For all this the college, and the college alone, is responsible. It has published its lists of books and insisted that the teachers fit pupils to pass examinations on these books and no others, regardless of the preference of the teachers and of the adaptability of the books to the maturity of the child. It has asked minute questions covering every allusion, so that the teachers have been compelled to destroy all literary enjoyment in preparation for an examination. It has based its composition on the blackened skeleton of the literature it has murdered, and then has complained that the writing of students lacked style, force, and accuracy.

The college, then, is doing the high school great injury by insisting upon certain traditional subjects for entrance. The great injustice is done to the vast majority who do not go to college, but whose opportunities for preparation for larger living are limited in a subtle way by the dominance of college traditions in the high

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school. The college injures the high school, also, by prescribing through its examinations the method and scope of treatment of the various studies. Almost any subject may contribute to real culture if studied in the right way, but the prescriptions of college professors, far removed in experience and sympathy from the mass of Americans, cause a stultification of both teachers and pupils.

When the college grants to the high school the right to make its own course of study, when it recognizes for entrance any subject well taught, when it admits that the welfare of the boys and girls is more important than special preparation for its advanced courses, when it places the needs of the ninety whom it never reaches above the crotchets of the professor who wants to make specialists of the ten, then it will enable the high school to fulfill its mission of equal opportunity to all.

VIRGINIA MOUNTAIN-FOLK

BY FREDERICK W. NEVE

ARCHDEACON OF THE BLUE RIDGE

ONE day some five years ago I drove up into the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia for the purpose of holding services. After driving some twenty miles I had to leave the buggy at the bottom of a steep mountain and ride on horseback the rest of the way. On arriving at my destination, I found my way to a small cabin, where I was to be entertained for the night. The people soon told me the latest news, to the effect that a neighbor was going to hang his wife that night. He had already given her a severe thrashing, and had laid the plow-line on the table, telling her that he was going to hang her with it that night.

The poor woman very wisely went off to a neighbor's to stay until her husband got into a more reasonable frame of mind. I afterwards heard that on a previous occasion he had actually put the rope around her neck and the other end around one of the beams, but his anger cooled down somewhat before he could carry out his threat, and he let her off. This man has a strange and eventful history. During the Civil War he was three times condemned to death for desertion, but each time managed to escape. Once he got away by jumping through the window of a railway car while the train was in motion. Another time he dug his way out of the house in which he was confined. On one of these occasions a companion, who was also under sentence of death, remarked to him, "Well, the only thing we can do is to trust to the Almighty." "That'll never do," answered our friend. "I'm going to trust to myself!" He afterwards told the story, adding, "Lawson trusted to the Almighty and got shot; I got away."

Wife-beating, however, is by no means confined to the man just mentioned. Another man living not far away was in the habit of chastising his wife unmercifully, and on one occasion some young men who were camping out on the mountain near by, hearing that he had been beating his wife, were so indignant that they hunted up the poor woman's brother and tried to persuade him to give his brother-in-law a good thrashing. The man, however, did not seem to look at the matter in the same light that they did. After some hesitation, he said: "Well, I don't know so much about that. Fact of the matter is, beat my own wife yesterday." Self-restraint is certainly not one of their virtues; but this defect may be easily accounted for by the absence of any healthy public opinion.

One day while I was visiting the people near the top of the Blue Ridge, I came across a poor old woman all alone in a small cabin, and very ill with dropsy. When I told her who I was, she seemed

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delighted to see me. She told me that she had been so afraid that she would die without being baptized, and a year ago had sent word to a Dunkard minister, miles away in the plain below, to come and baptize her, but he had never come; and she had waited day after day, week after week, month after month, for a whole year in vain. But now the opportunity had unexpectedly come, and she said that my coming was worth as much as hundreds of dollars to her. I suggested waiting till the next day, when her husband could be present, but she said, "No; if you get away from here something may happen and I shall never see you again." So I questioned her to see whether she knew the nature of the step she wished to take. Ignorant as she was, there was a real desire to do what she felt to be her duty, and, considering that she had had no opportunities of religious instruction, one could not apply to her the same standard of fitness which would be required in a more civilized community. She told me the history of her life, and it was a sad one. Her father, she said, had been worse than a b'ar to her; she had never had any schooling of any kind; she had married at sixteen, and her husband had been "cursing around her ever since." She had had no chances, she said, but it seemed to her that if only she could be baptized, there would be a better chance for her in the life to come. So I baptized her, after a simple explanation of the ordinance. Her name was a strange one—Artimæus; evidently a corruption of Bartimæus. It seemed singularly appropriate, considering the circumstances. For months she had been waiting in eager expectation for the blessing which she feared would come too late. And at last it had come.

There seems, too, to be a desire for better things. Four or five years ago, during the hot weather, some young students camped out on the top of the Blue Ridge, in the same section to which I have been referring. They were anxious to do some good while they were there, and so they visited the people and read to them out of the Bible. One day they came to a cabin near the top of the mountain where none of the family, with one exception, had ever been present at a religious service or had heard reading of any kind. So they read to them out of the Bible and explained it to them. The poor people were so delighted that they begged them to stay there with them always, so that they might hear the reading every day. They were so insistent that the only means by which these young men could get away was by promising to come again.

In what way, it may be asked, have we, who have been brought face to face with this problem, sought to solve it, and thus relieve the situation?

The first idea which suggested itself was to place a lady of high Christian character and refinement in the very heart of one of these isolated communities. By gathering the children into a school and teaching them, not only by word of mouth, but by example and influence; by going about among the people, and visiting them in their cabins, the subtle power of her personality was to awaken new thoughts and new desires. The accommodation and fare, however, which could be obtained in a mountain cabin were not such as to keep the worker properly nourished and in good health, and the first worker broke down entirely and had to leave the field. Here was a serious problem which threatened to put a stop to the work. Why not, it was then suggested, build homes for the workers, in which they can enjoy a certain moderate amount of comfort, and where the food can be prepared in a clean and wholesome manner?

And so our first Mission House or Home for Workers was built, and has proved a far greater success than was anticipated. It represents the same idea with which we started, but the idea has grown and developed. The individual has become the group, or colony, each member of which is specially qualified and equipped for the performance of certain duties and the meeting of certain needs of the community. At the head of the colony is a young clergyman who has supervision of the whole work throughout his district. He directs and advises the other workers in their various departments; he has superintended the erection of the various buildings needed, working with his own hands, and dealing wisely and patiently with the countless difficulties and problems which have to be encountered in carrying on

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building operations in a locality far removed from towns and railways. Next in order came two deaconesses, trained at Saint Faith's Training School for Deaconesses in New York. They nurse the sick, and suggest ways by which conditions may be improved, the children better trained, and the laws of health better observed. Then there is the educational work; for it is felt that the permanent improvement of the community can be accomplished only gradually, and that the careful training of the children forms one of the most important means to this end. Four schools are now in operation in this district, one close to the Mission Home and the other three within a radius of three miles from it. When it is considered that the majority of the children in these schools were growing up without any opportunity of even learning to read and write before this work was started, it can be readily understood that in redeeming a community from the curse of illiteracy this department is contributing a very important share to the work of uplifting the people. And, last, but by no means least among the members of the colony, is the matron of the Mission Home, whose coming into the work can be regarded only as a special providence. Like Martha, she is cumbered with much serving, for the bulk of the household work, including the cooking, falls upon her shoulders. She is the friend of all, and they know it, and consequently her household duties are broken into with many interruptions. It would be difficult to overestimate the amount of good which this small colony of men and women is exerting upon the community in which it is placed.

Then the building itself serves a useful purpose quite apart from the fact that it is the residence of the workers. For it forms an object-lesson and illustrates what a Christian home should be, and sets a standard of cleanliness and decency and modest comfort which is making the people think, and suggesting to their minds possible much-needed improvements in their own homes. By means of its Clothing Bureau, too, it provides new and second-hand clothes, at a very small cost, for the benefit of the people. If they have not the money to pay for them, they can bring eggs, butter, chickens, etc., which are accepted and used to supply the table at the Mission House. The outward appearance of the people has been entirely transformed since the Clothing Bureau was opened, and, as outward respectability of appearance is closely related to inward self-respect, this subordinate department of the work may not be without its beneficent results.

From the very start this enterprise has been an enigma to the people. They have been utterly unable to understand why people from the outside world should take the trouble to come up into the mountains and open schools, etc., unless they had something to gain by it. At one time the story was circulated that the schools were opened to get an influence over the children, and that later on all the boys would be carried off, shipped to England, and put into the British army. This may have originated from the fact that the founder of the work was an Englishman. On another occasion a desirable site for a school-house could not be obtained because the owner thought that we had discovered some valuable mineral under the ground, and that that was the real object in view. When the Mission Home was first built, the people came to the conclusion that it was intended for a railway station. However, as time has gone on, and they have come to know the workers, their feelings have changed. The mission-house plan has at last been such a success that it has been gradually extended along the Blue Ridge, so that we now have five mission houses built and occupied in or near the mountains.

One of these other districts is worth describing because it has developed along rather different lines, and also because the history of the work is full of incident. The difference in treatment has been due partly to the special needs of the district and partly to the strong personality of the young clergyman in charge of that part of the field. Coming direct from the seminary to do pioneer work of the most arduous kind, he found himself confronted with difficulties which might well have dismayed an older and more experienced man. Lawlessness and crime prevailed to such an extent that it was impossible to do any constructive work till law and order had been restored and the wholesale

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and illicit manufacture of brandy had been put a stop to. The county seat, even, was often on court days the scene of fights and shooting affrays which the ordinary administration of the law did not seem to remedy. So, at the suggestion of this young clergyman, a Law and Order League was organized, of which he himself was elected president. Accepting this arduous and unenviable position, he fearlessly did his duty, though he realized perfectly well that he would incur the ill will of the evil-doers by doing so. In a short time he had succeeded in bringing the ringleaders of the lawless element to justice and in securing their conviction and imprisonment, which had the effect of bringing about a great change for the better throughout the whole district.

As an illustration of this young minister's courage, the story is told that a certain mountaineer had openly made the threat that he would shoot him on sight. As soon as he heard of it, the young clergyman started off alone and rode to the cabin of the man who had made the threat. On reaching the place, he knocked at the door. "Who's there?" called out the man from inside. "I'm Rob White," was the reply. "I hear you're going to shoot me on sight." The man was so taken aback that he invited the minister in, and they were soon chatting away in a very friendly manner. He received during this period a good many threatening letters, and some young men who had borrowed his buggy and were driving out one night were startled by a bullet whizzing past them—some evil-disposed person evidently thinking that the buggy contained the minister himself.

But the hostility died out in a great measure after a time, and the people learned to respect the minister for his courage and his evident desire to help them and do them good. For his work was not merely of the kind above referred to. As soon as the way had been prepared and made possible, active efforts were made to raise the people to a higher plane. Two schools were opened and two mission houses, or homes for workers, built within the space of two years, and the same plan of colonization was adopted as at the other mission center. But there has been a difference. Medical work has been taken up as the special feature, though neither the educational nor the religious work has been neglected. Our young friend found that, owing to the ignorance of the people, there was a great deal of needless suffering among them in times of illness and when accidents occurred, and that there were a good many deaths which might have been prevented, especially among the children. He himself had some little knowledge of medicine, and turned it to good account. On one occasion he found in one of the mountain hollows a young man of weak intellect, who had wandered off from home one cold winter's night and had been found the next day in the snow with his feet badly frozen. The remedy applied by his friends had been as follows: First the boy's feet had been wrapped up in the skins of rabbits killed during the dark of the moon; then a penny had been bent crooked and buried at the northeast corner of the house, on the outside, where the water dripped from the eaves. This strange remedy, it is needless to say, had failed, and the young clergyman had found the boy in a serious condition, with gangrene setting in. By promptly applying the proper remedies he succeeded in saving the boy's life.

Experiences of this kind soon convinced him that it would be a great boon to the people if a small cottage hospital could be built and a trained nurse employed. He found that the doctor's directions were seldom carried out, and that any medicines given remained in the bottles, because the people did not know what was the proper time to administer them, and, being afraid of either giving them too often or not often enough, they did not give them at all. He had also found that when he had left medicine himself, with full and careful directions, the friends of the sick person would sometimes pour some of the contents out of the bottle to make him think that the medicine had been really given. The need of medical mission work had been made still more apparent by the outbreak of an epidemic of typhoid fever near the Mission Home. The neighbors were afraid of contracting the disease and stood aloof, and if it had not been for the nursing which the mission workers willingly gave, most of the patients would have died.

This experience, together with the other

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facts mentioned, moved our young friend to appeal for funds for the erection of a small cottage hospital to which sick persons in that section could be brought and there cared for by a trained nurse. In the end, as the money was not forthcoming, his mother, a widow of very moderate means, gave one thousand dollars, and with this in hand a plain, simple building was put up close to the principal Mission House of that district. A trained nurse, who is also a deaconess, soon volunteered and is already at work, finding plenty to do and feeling the need of an assistant. Here again, as in the case of the mission district first mentioned, it is difficult to overestimate the good which is being accomplished.

The next venture will be the establishment of an industrial school in the mission center first mentioned. There is little doubt that, in addition to the staple crops already raised, such as corn and wheat and hay, fruit could be made a specialty and could be grown of large size and fine quality, if the best kinds could be introduced and better and more scientific methods of culture were employed. The industrial school will seek to train the people to make the most and the best of what they have, to build better and more comfortable homes, and deal with the conditions which surround them in a more intelligent and successful manner. One effect of an ordinary public school education is often to make young people dissatisfied with their surroundings and desirous of going out into the world to better their condition; and it is so in this case. The rush to the densely populated centers for the sake of higher wages is fraught with peril to the physical, moral, and spiritual stamina of our people. If men and women such as these, dwelling in close contact with Nature in her healthiest and most beautiful conditions, can be led to find a larger, fuller, and happier life by staying where they are and turning to the best account the many natural advantages which lie ready to hand, then in a few years we may see communities of happy and contented people which may serve as object-lessons to other communities now more enlightened and more highly favored.

THE NEW BOOKS

The lovers of Mr. De Morgan's stories look forward to the appearance of a new novel from his pen much as, a generation ago, readers awaited the next Dickens or Thackeray or Charles Reade volume. "It Never Can Happen Again," published almost exactly on the author's seventieth birthday, is of considerably greater length than "Somehow Good," and for the first time the reader feels the length excessive. The qualities which made the three preceding stories delightful to linger over are here also, but in a fainter degree. One still enjoys the friendly, discursive, playful manner; but one chuckles to himself less frequently and more often feels mild impatience at the sluggishness of movement. It is only as we near the end that we really become interested in the singular complications growing out of the relations of a husband with his deceased wife's sister, who is or is not his wife, according not only to the English law (the repealing bill is passed just as the crisis comes), but according also to the legality or illegality of a previous marriage by the deceased wife. Mr. De Morgan winds in and out of the intricacies of this situation in a way which first puzzles but finally interests and amuses. So, too, with the book's social satire; it has its point and pith, but its method of expression is a little languid. On the other hand, it would be hard to find in all fiction anything more natural, simple, and tender than the characters of the blind and crippled father and his little girl; it is a great and rare gift to be able to move the heart by pathos, and there is a sincerity, a freedom from theatrical effect or claptrap sentiment, in this part of the book that cannot be denied. We can as readers accept the horrors of delirium tremens, the suicide, the ravages of tuberculosis, the maiming and killing by automobile, and the death-bed in the contagious-disease ward, because out of the soil of these incidents of the story comes the flowering of the beautiful love of child and father. Apart from this, and looking at the story as a whole, we must record our impression that Mr. De Morgan has put together too many and too diverse things for one novel to hold in unison comfortably, and that, while humor, character creation, and human sympathy are all here, the total of enjoyment to be had is less than in "Joseph Vance" or

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"Somehow Good." (Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.75.)

Whoever takes up "After Death—What?" by Cesare Lombroso, as we did, with the hope of finding in it a scientific analysis and interpretation of so-called spiritualistic phenomena, will be, as we were, disappointed. The book is interesting, entertaining, even at times amusing, but it is not convincing. A fatality seems to attend nearly all investigations of these occult phenomena. The investigator either approaches them with a predetermined skepticism and proves himself unable to consider and weigh the evidence offered in support of a mysterious psychic force, or he becomes possessed by a passion for the mysterious, and accepts without inquiry whatever story is offered to him, and perhaps acquires ability to see whatever he is asked to see. Signor Lombroso has gathered from all quarters of literature, ancient and modern, the tales and the reported observations of mediums, rappings, table-tippings, spooks, and ghosts. He gives us no information as to the character and authority of the witnesses whose extraordinary stories he narrates, and apparently neither experiences himself nor expects his reader to experience any difficulty in believing any story, however intrinsically improbable. He seems to expect that the mere multitude of the unverified narratives which he has collected will lead the reader to his conclusion: "In psychical matters we are very far from having attained scientific certainty. But the spiritistic hypothesis seems to me like a continent submerged by the ocean, in which are visible in the distance broad islands raised above the general level, and which only in the vision of the scientist are seen to coalesce in one immense and compact body of land, while the shallow mob laughs at the seemingly audacious hypothesis of the geographer." The stories in this book appear to us more like the rumors which from time to time reach us from wonder-loving mariners of their seeing the sea-serpent, which scientific observation has not yet been able to distinguish from collections of floating seaweed. We write without any conscious prejudice against the as yet unproved hypothesis that the dead can and sometimes do communicate with the living, and with the impression—we do not say conviction—that the thought of a living individual can be and sometimes is transferred to another individual without the aid of any outward token by man as yet understood. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $2.50.)

Who of all that ever lived in the country does not remember how it feels to be a giant? Who does not recall lying prone on the ground and watching with a giant's eyes the doings of the creatures that live and work and fight in the forest of the grass? No one who ever did this had need to envy Gulliver for his trip to Lilliput; it was but a step outdoors into a Lilliputian world of ants. Henry Christopher McCook has been visiting Lilliput, apparently, all his life. In his book on "Ant Communities" he reports his observations. He tells how the ants build their houses, gather, store, and distribute their food, how they recognize friends and enemies, how they fight, and how they divide among themselves the labor necessary for the preservation of their race. As the full title of the book, "Ant Communities and How they are Governed: A Study in Natural Civics," indicates, he translates the ways of ants into human terms. He talks of watchmen, nurses, armies, engineers; he meditates on the ants' courage, their anger, their altruism. Though he explains that he uses these human terms not with any purpose of attributing human thought and feeling to the emmet, but simply for convenience, he nevertheless is evidently convinced that even these tiny invertebrates have in rudimentary form powers which in man have developed into emotion, intelligence, language, and laws. (Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.)

The late Jeremiah Curtin did a distinct service to the lover of myth and folk-lore in his lively rendering of legends and ancient tales belonging to Mongol religions and imaginative life; one is surprised at the quantity of material to be derived from this particular source. His posthumous book, which bears the title of "A Journey in Southern Siberia," is more interesting in the direction we have named than in its account of the journey of exploration and of the physical features and history of Siberia, but this may not unlikely be due to the fact that the manuscript was not revised by the author in his last days. Mr. Curtin will always be remembered as the vigorous translator of the remarkable novels by Sienkiewicz, and here he evidently turned with special pleasure, as he always did, to the presentation of what may be called semi-fiction as contained in these myths. President Eliot, in a prefatory note, rightly says that the work is one that only an extraordinary linguist and scholar could have written, and that the varied kinds of knowledge necessary for such a book have rarely been possessed by a single writer. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $3.)

Of the three great statesmen of the nineteenth century, Gladstone, Bismarck, and Cavour, the last is not the least, though probably in most American circles the least known. Gladstone led England out of its feudal system into a true democracy; Bismarck brought together the petty and jealous provinces of Germany into a great German Empire; Cavour accomplished the emancipation and unification of Italy—a double problem, each part attended with infinite difficulties. And Cavour had not for his work the aid which Gladstone and Bismarck had for theirs. Two aids he had, however—the loyal support of the King, Victor Emmanuel, who knew how to make haste slowly, and Garibaldi, who was a great captain. We doubt whether history records a more romantic

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career, or military history a more extraordinary campaign, than Garibaldi's in Sicily, where, with seven hundred and fifty volunteers, enthusiastically loyal but imperfectly drilled and ill armed, and a mob of two or three thousand Sicilians who had not been drilled at all and some of whom had no arms, he captured the city of Palermo, defended by an army of over twenty thousand men. The story of this campaign, and the campaign on the mainland which preceded it, Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan has told in a most fascinating fashion in "Garibaldi and the Thousand." Mr. Trevelyan has inherited from his father, Sir George Otto Trevelyan, his literary skill. He is the equal of Froude in his research among original authorities, in his dramatic skill in narrative, and in his effective use of minor but significant incidents, and he appears to be more painstaking and more scrupulously conscientious in his study and use of details. The readers of this fascinating volume will look with eager desire for its promised supplement on the making of Italy. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $2.25.)

That Mrs. Louise Collier Willcox does not shrink from taking life seriously readers of The Outlook, of The North American Review, and of other periodicals have known for a number of years past; that she does not shrink from the exacting requirements of the art of writing her work abundantly shows. The intellectual quality of her essays is high; they show the discipline of thorough training and the habit of exact thinking. There is no easy-going discursiveness in her book of essays "The Human Way;" there is consecutive and organized meditation. Writers of Mrs. Willcox's generous culture are often shy of expressing serious convictions about fundamental things, forgetting that the writings which furnish to the well-worn argument of "art for art's sake" the most convincing examples of perfection are also standard interpretations of life in its most serious terms. A writer of meditative temper, with a pervading sense of the pathos which rises from the incompleteness of things, Mrs. Willcox has a tender hand for those gracious and quiet growths of character which are in danger of being trampled out of existence in the rush of modern activity. Of these delicate and invaluable qualities which give life its fragrance and sanity Mrs. Willcox is a custodian of jealous fidelity. Speaking of those who "go softly," with "a certain wistful attitude toward the spreading of effects once a thing is given concrete expression in the world," Mrs. Willcox writes: "Such gentle, slow-moving souls are not eager, jealous, or bustling; they often seem to have no particular end in view, and certainly they are not making full tilt toward it; but as they go they sprinkle a few flowers along the way. They lighten a few burdens; they shed a little grace upon life, which is not, it is true, bread or meat, but is sometimes as sadly needed as these. For the little flowers of life are, after all, vital matters." (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

"Dominion belongs only to service; power is commensurate only with sacrifice," is the conclusion of Ernest Hamlin Abbott's "What They Did with Themselves," a series of chapters written with direct reference to the season of Lent, but having application to the Christian life of every day. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 35 cents.)

The return of Halley's comet, in the course of its seventy-seven-year circuit through space, on time to the year, perhaps to the hour, serves to remind us of the mysteries and riddles which the skies offer to astronomers. Mr. Garrett P. Serviss, an unusually well informed and interesting writer on astronomical subjects, devotes the chapters of his new book to "Curiosities of the Sky." He describes in an entertaining and instructive way the aurora, comets, the "banners of the sun," the ghostly "zodiacal light," star clusters, clouds and streams, nebulæ, the almost unbelievable migration of the stars through the heavens, the "wrecking of the moon," and the problem of our nearest neighbor, Mars. (Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.40, net.)

More than a hundred editions of "The Compleat Angler" have been published in the two hundred and fifty years since it first appeared. To how many hundreds of thousands of those "that hate contentions, and love quietnesse, and vertue, and Angling" it has been a valued friend, only the gods know. It has doubtless long since ceased to be a useful manual for the fisherman in the secrets of his art, but it makes a perennial appeal to every angler or other body who loves simplicity, freshness, quiet humor, and kindly sincerity. A new edition of the old book now comes to us among the Riverside Press Editions. The little volume, fat and square, for the hand or the pocket, is as delightful as Piscator himself. To the lover of fine printing and sound book-making the title-page alone is as satisfying as a Whistler etching. The edition has but one drawback —only about four hundred of the Angler's lovers may possess a copy. (The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.)

Mr. Robert Haven Schauffler's "Romantic Germany" must be counted one of the most attractive books of the season because of its subject-matter, its delightful illustrations, and the vivid interest of the writer in the places with which he deals and the people whom he describes. In his preface Mr. Schauffler calls attention to the fact that while so many books have been written on German politics, sociology, commerce, and science, each field having, in fact, a literature of its own, not since Bayard Taylor published his "Views Afoot," sixty years ago, has much been written about the romantic old German towns: the Germany of the fairy tales, the legends, the stork sitting on the chimney, of

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castles and towers, of dim streets and old-time burghers. It is this Germany which finds in Mr. Schauffler an enthusiastic chronicler, whose catholic purpose not only embraces towns like Danzig and Augsburg and Meissen, but places so modern as Berlin, Dresden, and Potsdam. Avoiding Nuremberg and the Rhine country as having received a large share of attention of late years, Mr. Schauffler does not forget Rothenburg, around which the enchantment of the German Middle Age still lingers, and which is the special joy of the American escaping from noisy, up-to-date modern cities. The illustrations are for the most part well executed and belong to the text, which is more than can be said of many books of similar intention. (The Century Company, New York. $3.50, net.)

Mr. Booth Tarkington's vein of kindly sentiment and his courage in interpreting in unconventional forms the life of the affections are happily mixed in a real Christmas story in the small illustrated volume entitled "Beasley's Christmas Party." This is the tale of a quiet, somewhat eccentric, but warm-hearted and able man, and of his remarkable doings with a sick child, and with the disappointment and defeat of a body of political antagonists, who were so misled by his charitable intentions as to suppose they were on the point of exploding a mine under his reputation. (Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.25.)

Mr. Louis Vernon Ledoux has made use of an ancient Eastern legend in his dramatic poem called "Yzdra." By mandate of the gods, the only daughter of King Poros is reared in solitude and fed on poisons. The object of the command is disclosed when, in her beautiful girlhood, Alexander the Great threatens India with invasion, and she is sent to him by her father, ostensibly to be the agent of an alliance, but really to compass his death by the power of her beauty and her poisonous kiss. Unconscious of her curse, she looks forward to love and power, but by an accident the fatal secret is made known to her. Here begins the tragedy, the unfolding of which should be left to the author. Mr. Ledoux has written much for a young author, and all his work is marked by dignity of phrase and reverence for literary form. There are both grace and strength in this drama, and it also possesses the movement and spirit needed for presentation upon the stage. Some of the figures used are striking and beautiful, quite free from excess, and sometimes almost austere in their restraint. The characters are clearly individualized and a just balance is preserved in the action. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.25 net.)

Once on a time the belief that the world was the center of the universe seemed to be an integral part of the structure of Christianity; but when that belief gave way, it was seen to be only a part of the scaffolding. With every age modes of thought that have seemed essential to Christian faith are abandoned; but the faith remains. Dr. Arthur S. Peake, D.D., of the University of Manchester, takes up, in his book "Christianity, its Nature and its Truth," the questions that seem to be characteristic of the times, and attempts to distinguish what is transient from what is permanent in Christian doctrine. Some readers will feel that the author is too easily satisfied with the answers he finds; but many will have clearer ideas as a consequence of their reading. Dr. Peake has the uncommon gift of seeing clearly and putting strongly the arguments which he undertakes to answer. His frankness and freedom from dogmatism will win many whom the forceful assertions and formal reasoning of others have failed to persuade. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25.)

That a book by the recipient of the Nobel prize for literature should rapidly pass into a seventh edition might be expected, and also that it would pass into other languages. Professor Rudolf Eucken's "Problem of Human Life" as viewed by the great thinkers, ancient and modern, is now before us in good English literary form. It is intended to be the essential complement of the various other works which have gained esteem for the author as a leader of modern thought. He aims here to give historical confirmation to the view that "conceptions are determined by life, not life by conceptions." For instance, "It is not natural science that leads us into naturalism, but the weakness from spiritual convictions." The dazzling development of external life has revealed the contrasting dimness and dullness of the inward life. Hence there is unrest, confusion, passion, need for light and guides. It is not, however, for the choice utterances of master minds on the problem of human life that we are to seek, but rather to see how they conceive of life itself viewed as a whole—its meaning, its aim, its goal. This inquiry the author pursues through the history of Greek thought from Plato to Plotinus, then through specifically Christian thought from Jesus to the modern Protestantism which "embraces two different religions," and finally through the views of modern thought leaders from the Renaissance till now. "When we ask how our great thinkers looked at life, we see that their thought had its source in the depths of the life-process itself, that its course is determined by certain vital needs, that it is but the expression of an inward struggle toward truth and happiness and spirituality." A noble conception, this, of philosophy discerned as the guide of life rather than a debate between competing intellectualisms. A cardinal principle of Professor Eucken is the impossibility for us of any closed system of thought; the world of thought must be kept open for future thinkers to augment and illuminate it; nor is intellect to be deemed the sole and final arbiter of every question. Chris-

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tianity itself, though a realized fact, "only creates unending movements, and remains a perpetual problem," with "a great past, but also a great future." If we are to avoid sacrificing the living present to the past, we must ever recur to "the super-historical truth which alone can hold history together"—that, in spite of all the distortion made by men, "historical phenomena and movements have an eternal truth, a central fact of spiritual life, underlying and working through them with indestructible power." This soulful work bears evidence of its European origin amidst sharp antagonisms between authority and the spirits of denial. We, in a less tumultuous sea, are also involved in the struggle for man's spiritual self-preservation. Welcome is the lesson here educed from the struggles of the past, that human destinies are ruled by spiritual necessities, and that life emerges from its testing in fresher and truer form. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.)

When text and pictures are from the same hand there should be harmony. This is true of Mr. George Wharton Edwards's "Holland of To-Day." The text is comprehensive, condensed, vivacious, and informative. For instance: "The very laws of nature have here been reversed, for, disregarding the injunction, every house is builded upon the sand and the whole coast is held together practically by straws. There being no wood in the country, whole forests have been brought hither in ships and buried as pile foundations for the cities. . . . Artificial mountains have been brought in from Sweden and Norway, and in the most masterful and ingenious manner erected as barriers against the encroachment of the sea. The vast array of windmills over the country exact toll from the very air, and rivers are made to course and trees grow exactly where they are needed." The text seems always well put. Occasionally, however, we meet with some slight disappointment, as, for instance, in the lack of answer to the question as to how such a body of painters as Rembrandt, Hals, Bol, Hooch, Ostade, Dou, and the rest continued to spring from such "an unromantic and distressful period as the latter half of the sixteenth century, from so small a country and during the time of a life-and-death struggle known as the Eighty Years' War, when the fortunes of the nation reached their lowest ebb." The arrangement of the subject-matter also leaves something to be desired. But we forget about this in admiration of the capital pictures. Surely none could be more truthful, sympathetic, or graphic. (Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $6.)

PUBLIC OPINION

DR. GRENFELL ON LIVE MISSIONARY METHODS

I have just been attending here in Washington the sessions of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, trying to contribute my mite toward helping its efforts, sorely needed if the Christian world is to be taken seriously in its protestations of loyalty to Christ.

The endeavor to inaugurate the kingdom of Jesus Christ in the world is, from every view-point, in reality the most splendid work that can possibly be accomplished. For Jesus Christ stated that his kingdom is a universal one of righteousness, joy, and peace located in men's hearts.

Even the people who gather around the afternoon tea table or the men in the street would admit that such a result would be as good for trade as for sentiment, while all the scientists would admit that it would be as valuable for the evolution of the human race as an acquaintance with the philosophy of even a Herbert Spencer.

At one of the meetings of the Movement which I attended all those who were in the audience and who had been in the mission field for over one year were asked to stand up and to speak for two minutes.

About twenty missionaries, young and old, of all sects and denominations, and from almost every field, answered the call, and we were carried all over the world in a very few minutes. It is perfectly true that some of the speakers didn't tell us what I, at any rate, was anxious that they should, viz., facts about their fields. They engaged in the usual commendation of the general principle. But most of them talked dry, hard facts, and it was the most interesting meeting that I attended.

The usual missionary meeting which I was accustomed to in my youth, and which I always escaped if I possibly could, was addressed by some gentleman who had never been in the foreign field and had never the slightest intention of going there. On the other hand, when a man ventured his life on his faith, it was always a guarantee to me that he had something to say for it.

Why don't people go to missionary meetings? Is it because Christ's appeal is a failure? Are twentieth-century folk so steeped in sin and sloth, as some people would have us believe, that they prefer the theater and bridge whist or other harmless amusements? Or is it explained by the much simpler fact that the meetings aren't a bit interesting?

I am afraid it is the latter. What is more, I believe the public are not interested

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because they know nothing about the problems, the heroism, the success, and the human struggles that are going on around them for this object.

Whose fault is it that they don't know? Missionaries write in religious papers, which the public do not read. Missionaries don't study the art of writing to the papers and magazines that the men in the street read. Why this is I don't know. As a correspondent of four secular papers, all of which pay for the articles, I am of the opinion that they prefer filling their columns with interesting, true, uplifting material to a great deal of the stuff that they are forced, for want of better, to serve up to their readers now.

The garbled accounts that young newspaper reporters write of missionary meetings are almost without exception uninteresting, and very often untrue, because the reporters haven't thought it worth while to attend the meeting at all. In this I speak of what I know. The result is that, as a missionary never writes interestingly to the only source of information that the public goes to, and the reports of his lectures are the only part of the lecture that reaches them, the public knows nothing about missions. There are heaps of men who judge and class missions as being useless, men of really good hearts who would want to help if they knew the facts. Yet, when pressed, they are ready to confess that they don't really know anything about it.

Whose fault is all this? Partly the missionaries'. They say they *can't* write, and they *can't* speak interestingly. How many try? How many keep a note-book in which they jot down interesting sayings, interesting experiences, stories of heroism and unselfishness in individuals, stories of sacrifices to get education or heroism under persecution, much less about agricultural, mineral, and other possibilities, resources, and opportunities?

I read the public press as much as most men, and yet there I fail to find the soul-stirring stories of the heroism to death, say, of Chinese converts, for instance—stories which would have answered a thousand times the question, "What is the good of the Gospel in China?"

Perhaps it is due to the Boards of Missions. A missionary whom I met here gave me the following information to-day: The Board he serves absolutely refuses him permission to lecture on his own account or to receive any money from any sources for his personal work that might possibly have come into their own pockets for his aid. My friend hasn't got a single lantern slide after over ten years of work in the depth of the Orient, nor has he delivered a single lecture for his work or written a single article for the public press. Yet the American Minister for his country said he had become convinced of the value of missions from seeing the work carried on by this man personally. I must confess that until the subject took this turn I didn't gather that the Minister was a man likely to attend a prayer-meeting for missionary purposes. It is a huge mistake to suppose that by interesting people in one field of missionary enterprise they will be less interested in others. This is absolutely the reverse of my experience.

When no church in the Washington district gives $2.50 per year per member for missions, and the wealthiest church gives only 29 cents per member, is it conceivable that anybody could possibly be impoverished by any practical interest he took anywhere? As the vast majority of men never give at all, a special effort toward interesting them would be a blessing to all.

I long ago made up my mind not to write my reports to religious papers, but to let them copy from the secular press. I get much larger audiences and more friends by that method.

The evening of the same day of the meeting I have referred to I went to hear Commander Peary lecture on finding the North Pole. All of the seats were taken twice over, so that Mr. Peary had to repeat his lecture on Sunday night. I have been accustomed for years to give public missionary lectures, and often to sell the seats exactly in the way public lecturers do. I have had to repeat the lectures next night for the overflow more than once. I say this out of no spirit of egotism, but simply to prove what I say, that the general American public is as much interested in a lecture of missionary effort to uplift humanity as it is in the flying of the flag in the polar seas or any geographical enterprise.

Why, then, are they crowding so eagerly to hear Commander Peary? For this reason: that he for years, through the public press and through his lectures, has kept the public in touch with his aims and objects. His brave and persevering efforts have represented to the public the continuation of brave efforts made now for four hundred years. And now Peary has attained his object. Still, I venture to say that, if his idea had been to uplift the Eskimo race and give them that which is the heritage now of the American people, he would receive just as genuine a welcome and as enthusiastic a hearing. This man *has been there*, has *worked* to get there, and has *worked* to keep the people in touch. He deserves every bit of praise he gets. But what I want to say is, that if similar rational efforts were made to keep the public acquainted with the magnificent services the missionaries of those countries are rendering to the world, and if the public was acquainted with the missionaries' self-effacing heroism, which lasts not for one winter or two, nor even for twenty years, as Mr. Peary's has lasted, but until life's end—it would rejoice in the opportunity to help them. The world to-day is anxious to listen and willing to help, but it doesn't know the facts, and we don't give them to it.

The religious folk do not credit Christ's

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kingdom with the success it has attained in the hearts of the non-churchgoer. In Judea in the year 1 the man in the street would not go out of his way to pick up a slave or build a hospital for a wounded Jew. He will in the year 1909. Having had the honor to be acquainted with Commander Peary, and to have met him on the coast of Labrador, people are continually talking to me of his struggles and his success. And yet nine out of ten, or even, say, ninety-nine out of a hundred, end by saying that they are more interested in humanity than geography. Mr. Peary has never laid claim to the silver tongue of the orator. Like most of us laymen, he finds it much harder to get up and make a speech than to face a breeze of wind. But by pegging at it he has become a fine lecturer. His pictures are simply magnificent, but his subjects are mostly snow and ice. They are not one whit more attractive *qua* subjects than those a thousand missionaries could draw from. No one is more ready to own than Mr. Peary is that his story cannot possibly be made to contain the varied attractions of the endless experiences and incidents that are within the reach of the average missionary.

Colleges, schools, and endowed lectureships are clamoring for lectures, not so much because they desire information—that they get in Carnegie libraries—but because they recognize their value as uplifting agencies for the hearers. The inspiration of the personality is what they seek. To interest the public in missions, ought not the missionary to be able to prove himself an inspiring person, and his work one that appeals in its methods to a twentieth-century public? Picture the crowd at an illustrated lecture by St. Paul on his journeys. Who are the most *likely* to be able to do this? Ordinary travelers who, during a globe-trotting tour, take pictures and do Europe? Or the men who live in a place all their lives, who speak the native tongues, and yet who only after years begin to know the people and their view-points? Who is in a position best to convey to the audience even the real, valuable information that they cannot get for themselves? Surely the earnest men who are giving their lives for those countries.

I know young men who are styled lecturers and make their living, and no small living, by giving lectures on what they see in their summer travels.

There ought to be some method to train missionaries to utilize their potential energy. There is no method, however, like that of trying to get it themselves. The school of experience is the surest method of evolution, but it needs pluck and work and the venturing of money, just as any other business needs the venturing of money. To me the Lord's business is no exception to any other. He is not going to do what we can do for ourselves. This is a huge error, and a vital one in many modern sects and cults. He will not rob us of a reason for our existence, of the dignity of our lives.

I was interested this year in a missionary who wished to go and commence work in Baffin's Land, but who could not afford to get a steamer to carry him down. When we went into the question, we found these facts: That there was no one working in the country for Christ; that there was no chart of the coast that we were able to find, no pilot or captain who had ever been there whom we could afford to pay. The only boat that I could help with on this venture was a fifty-five-ton Gloucester banker. She was not sheathed for ice, and I couldn't afford to sheath her, and the result was that we couldn't get a cent of insurance.

The reports of ice on the Labrador and Hudson Bay this year showed that it was later and more abundant than usual. Well, we did all we could. The missionary was willing to risk his life, and I was willing to risk the schooner. We thought it was time now to ask the Lord to do his share, and the schooner went away.

She passed through over a hundred miles of ice before she came to the latitude in which she expected to find her haven. At this psychological moment an Eskimo in a kayak hunting seals was observed. He came aboard and told the voyagers he knew exactly where they wanted to go, and would pilot them in. This he proceeded to do promptly and successfully. The vessel landed the missionary and his stores, waited for him to see his house erected, and got back in six weeks with hardly a scratch on her paint.

Some of my friends asked the old missionary who came back with the little schooner, and who was the instigator of the whole thing, an old man who had served many years as a missionary in Hudson Bay, whether he wasn't "surprised at the success of the enterprise."

He simply said he "hadn't any right to be, because, after he had done all he could, he had asked the Lord to do the rest. He couldn't say he was surprised that the venture was a successful one." One of the sailors told me, "I reckon that old saint had the Lord all snarled up with his kind of prayers, so that He couldn't get out of letting it go through."

Modesty, courage, perseverance, heroism, are just as attractive to audiences in these days as they have ever been, and indeed infinitely more so. Moreover, the world needs for a stimulus to its youth just such stories as the missionaries in the field to-day can give. For the modern missionary is specially selected. There is no dearth of applicants nowadays. Of course, if he is worth while, he has lots of critics—that seems to me a guarantee that he is following in his Master's steps.

It may be part of the church work at home to educate lecturers to go to the fields specially to better inform the public on these matters. But, to my mind, the only people who will ever be really attractive are men, like Commander Peary himself, who

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have done things. If that is hard on them, are not we missionaries out for hardness, as good soldiers?

It would be worth while for all the mission boards to abrogate all of their restrictions, if only they could develop a class of men who, while living their lives in the mission field, are willing and able to combine with that the service which this country needs, and which I believe they will learn to love.

Inform the Christian Church, which is no longer bounded by those who are members of denominations, and it will be interested and help. Let us missionaries see that we are really making efforts worth calling efforts. We shall find it impossible to be silent when we realize that we have a mighty problem and that God is not being expected to do our share because we ask him in words only. The world will then help. *Vox populi* now is ever getting nearer to *Vox Dei*.

WILFRED GRENFELL

Washington, D. C.

A CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CASE EXPLAINED

May I trespass upon your space sufficiently to give you my personal knowledge of the facts in the case referred to in the following clipping from The Outlook of November 20?

> Is there not justification for treating Christian Science as a public enemy when its teachings permit a woman to leave her child who has fallen from a window and lies bleeding at the mouth and partly paralyzed, and go away rejoicing greatly in her "freedom from the sense of personal responsibility"? When mental therapeutics take this form, it is time for society to call a halt.

The mother mentioned is the daughter of a distinguished lawyer who has represented this country at a European court, his cousin and partner has been Vice-President of this country, two of the uncles of the lady have served as *nisi prius* judges, and a third has held several offices of dignity. The family reaches back through distinguished ancestry and includes one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence of Mecklenburg. The mother is as attractive and intelligent as such a family history would indicate, and was a near neighbor of mine at the time of the occurrence mentioned in the above clipping. She has two beautiful daughters, the elder being at that time between four and five years of age.

The child fell from a third-story window, striking upon either a cement sidewalk or hard frozen ground. This was before ten o'clock in the morning. As stated in the article above, the child was partially paralyzed, bleeding from the nose and mouth, and otherwise bruised and injured. Her mother, a practicing Christian Scientist, carried her into the house, bathed her, and administered metaphysical treatment in accordance with Christian Science doctrine. By three o'clock in the afternoon the child was sufficiently recovered so that the mother could attend the dedicatory exercises of the church which she had been active in helping to build. The freedom from personal responsibility disparagingly quoted above was the direct result of an abiding faith in the power of Divine Love to heal the child, and was justified by the improvement already made up to that time, by a former experience wherein the life of her second daughter had been saved after she had eaten a large quantity of poisonous paper, as well as by the experience of the mother, who herself had been made well from years of invalidism by the same Divine power. Would it not have been most unreasoning, therefore, for this mother to have clung to a sense of personal responsibility after invoking the care of God for the child?

In June last this child, now a young lady of sixteen, graduated from high school with high honors and having well-defined literary tendencies. EUGENE R. COX.

Christian Science Committee on Publication,
No. 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

BRIDGE OR LITERATURE?

I am a poor, miserable outcast—a pariah. I do not play bridge. It seems but honorable to make this acknowledgment at the outset. It is incumbent upon me to teach English literature in a good-sized State-supported college in the Middle West. Indeed, we call ourselves a university. Will—can—some reader of The Outlook tell me how a man or woman can hold a professorship in a reputable college in this year of grace nineteen hundred and nine and attend six or more card parties a week? I trust that the gentle reader will appreciate the importance of my inquiry and the burning interest, to me, of the desired answer. Bridge parties have supplanted all other forms of social divertisement for the Faculty at our college. They make demands upon the time of the players and inroads upon their physical energy. As Xenophon says of the Arabian Desert, they are a fearful thing. Where will this tyranny end? How may I keep on good terms with the tyrant and at the same time keep up my professional work? Please be considerate. Do not counsel me to read Matthew Arnold's "Self-Dependence." "Commercing with the skies" can afford no help. Society demands that I gaze upon hearts, diamonds, clubs, and spades—not stars. To live in peace and harmony with the Romans one must do as Rome does.

PERPLEXED PROFESSOR.

[Punch's famous advice to matrimonial aspirants still holds good—"Don't!"—THE EDITORS.]

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